



Cantus,
Songs and Fancies.
To Thre, Foure, or
Five Partes,
both apt for Voices
and Viols.
*With a briefe Introduc-
tion of Musick,*
As is taught in the Mu-
sick-Schole of ABER-
DENE by T. D. Mr.
of Musick.

A B E R D E N E
Printed by JOHN FORBES, and are to be sold at his
Shop. Anno Dom. M, DC, LXII.





Unto The Right Honourable.
VVILLIAM GRAY L. Provost.
ALEXANDER ALEXANDER
JOHN SCOT
JOHN DUNCAN
CHARLES ROBERTSON
Thomas Mitchell Dean of Gild.
John Ross Treasurer:
 And the rest of the Honourable COUNCELL of the City of ABERDENE.

}
 } Bailies.
 }

Right Honourable;

SEeing it hath been the chief Honor, and singular Praise of this famous CITY, to have been the Sanctuary of Sciences, the Mansie of the Muses, and Nurserie of all Artes; So that under you, & your Honors Predecessors prudent Patrocinie, vigilant Care, and fatherly Inspection, so little a place of Ground, hath yeilded many Plants of renowne, who hath flourished as Trees of delight, both in Church and State, through out all the corners of great **BRITTAINE**: Notwithstanding, of many strange Stormes, dismall Disasters, and

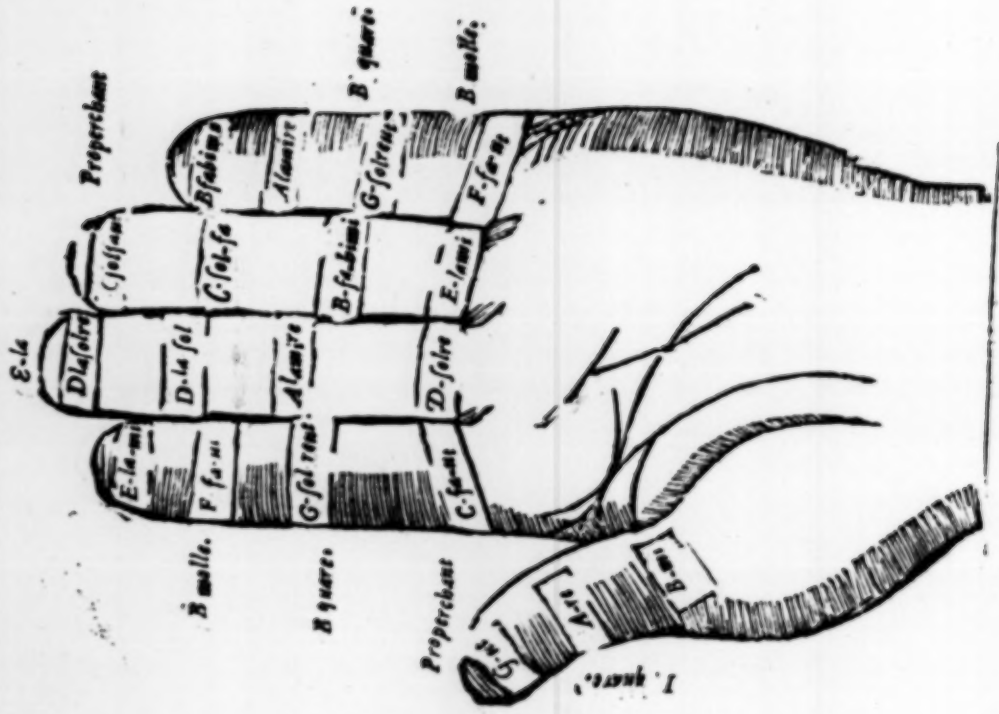
The Epistle Dedicatory.

and malicious Designs: endeavouring to blast the Beautie of **BON-ACCORD**, to spoile Her of all Her Decoruments; and amongst the rest to rob Her, of that famous Ornament of Voeall and Instrumentall Musick, which alwayes She could have claimed, as the proper native and heritable Jewell of the Place; In which Her Excellency hath been so eminent, that to have been **Borne** or **Bred** in **ABERDEEN**, hath been sufficient Argument, and Testimony, to advance any to the Profession of that Science else-where. Yea, How many have come of purpose from the outmost partes of this **ISLAND**, to hear the chearfull Psalms, and heavenly Melody of **BON-ACCORD**? till of late, some who had monopolized Croothets to their own Pates, dauncing to the Pye of these traitarous times, contrare to the expresse Command of the **ALMIGHTY**, and laudable practise of all Christian Churches in the World, that their Voal-Worship might be consonant to the harsh howling of their Hell-hatched Common-wealth, would leuell, and astrid the Praises of the Most **HIGH**, at all times to a Common-Tune. But now, seeing it hath pleased the grand **RULER** of Heaven and Earth, with the greatest of Blessings, Our Dread **SOVERAIGNE**, **CHARLES** By the Grace of **GOD**, **KING** of Great **BRITTAINE**, **FRANCE**, and **IRELAND**. Defender of the True Apostolicke Faith; &c. To bring all things to their ancient Order, put an end to these dismall Discords, string the Hearts of **BRITTAINE** with true Loyalty; and turns them to their proper Tunes: Elevating and Rousing all loyall Spirits to see the royall Harpe blase in the royall Scutcheon: I who hath made it my resolute purpose, and constant resolution, to saile all winds, and serve up the weak partes, which **GOD** and Nature hath bestowed on me: that so, at least with the Ephesian-Bee, I might contribute my little Wax, and fillie Bumb, to the Hyve of **BON-ACCORDS** Common-well, that the paines of your Children, in attaining the first elements of Musick may be lessned, and the Scarr-crow of difficultie taken off the Hinges of the School-doore, hath endeavoured with all the cleareness I can, to make the entry so patent, that the feeblest be not afrighted to step in. I shall not weary your patience with the commendation of this heasty embrio, seeing it must owe its Life, and Being to your Honors. It's wealing in the Craddle; holding out its Hand for your assistance; suffer it not to perish, shine on it with a benigne Aspel: let it appeare to the World that the meanest Schrod in **BON-ACCORD**, can share of your lessons, as well as the tallest Cedar,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Cedar, who knows? But this humble creeping Ivy, if suffered to lay hold on your Favour, and lean on your Goodnes, may flourish and winter its greenness with its growth, as the Summer Bowre, and Winter Bush of many sweet singing Nightingales: while either it answer the expectation of many, or get its stature and perfect period, from your Hs. ever acceptable Commands. Accept of it as an Interlude to your more serious Affaires, and measure not the minds of the Offerer, by the Leanness and Leanness of the offering, whose Honor and Dignity depends on your gracious acceptance; which is only able to cover its escapes, attonne its presumption, and shield it from all the poisoned Darts of back biting envy: So posterity shall sing your Praises, and you shall be the soul of that, to which (if we shall believe divine Plato and his followers,) the Universe doth owe that heavenly soule, by which it is animat and you and your Children may make that your recreation in time, which most be the worke of all Saints throughout all Eternity: and that BON-ACCORD may resemble Heaven in an harmonious Concord, and your Honors meet with the out-bearing and best blessings of the *ALMIGHTY*, on all your Designs and Enterprises, shall be the daily Prayer of

Your Honors most engaged
Servant,
John Forbes.



The SCALE of the GAM.

cc	la	la	In Space.
dd	la sol	sol la	In Rule.
cc	sol fa	fa sol	In Space.
bb	fa mi	mi fa	In Rule.
aa	la mi re	re mi la	In Space.
g	sol re ut b quarre.	ut re sol	In Rule.
f	fa ut b molle.	ut fa	In Space.
e	la mi	mi la	In Rule.
d	la sol re	re sol la	In Space.
c	sol fa ut Properchant.	ut fa sol	In Rule.
b	fa mi	mi fa	In Space.
a	la mi re	re mi la	In Rule.
G	sol re ut b quarre.	ut re sol	In Space.
F	fa ut b molle.	ut fa	In Rule.
E	la mi	mi la	In Space.
D	sol re	re sol	In Rule.
C	fa ut Properchant.	ut fa	In Space.
B	mi	mi	In Rule.
A	re	re	In Space.
T	ut b quarre.	ut	In Rule.



An Exposition of the Gamme, and Cliefes.

FOr the understanding of this foregoing Scale, you must begin at the lowest word, *Gam-ut*, and so go upwards to the end, still ascending.

Then you must get it perfectly without Booke, to say it forewards and backwards; Secondly you must learn to know the Parts of it, and wherein every key standeth, that is, whether in Rule, or in Space. Thirdly, how many Cliefs and how many Notes every key containeth, and Lastly, The Properties of the Gamme.

Q. How many Parts is in the Gamme?

A. Two.

Q. Which two?

A. Base and Alt.

Q. Which is Base, and which is Alt?

A. All from Gam-ut to C-sol-fa-ut, is Base, and all from C-sol-fa-ut to E-la is Alt.

Q. C-sol-fa-ut, whether is it Base, or Alt?

A. It is neither Base nor Alt. but betwixt the two.

Q. What call you a Cliefe, and what a Note?

A. A Cliefe is a Character set on a Rule at the beginning of a Verse, shewing the height & lownesse of every Note standing on the same Verse, or in space (although use hath taken it for a general Rule never to set any Cliefe in the space except the Cliefe) and every Space, or Rule, not having a Cliefe set in it, hath one understood

An Exposition of the Gamme, and Cliefes.

flood, being onely omitted for not pestering the Verse, and saving of labour to the Writter: but here it is taken for a Letter beginning the name of every key: and are they which you see on the Scale set at the beginning of every Word.

Q How many Cliefes hath every Key?

A. Every Key hath but one Cliefe, except *b-fa-x-mi*, which hath two Cliefes.

Q How many Cliefes is there?

A. There be in all seven Cliefes, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, but in use in singing there be but foure: that is to say, the *F-fa-ut* Cliefe, which is commonly in the Base, or lowest part, being formed or made thus \times .

The *C-sol fa-ut* Cliefe which is common to every part, and is made thus H .

The *G-sol-re-ut* Cliefe in Alt, which is commonly used in the Treble, or highest part, and is made thus G. And the *b* Cliefe which is common to every part, and is made thus *b*, or thus \times . The one signifying the halfe Note or flat singing, the other the whole Note or sharp singing.

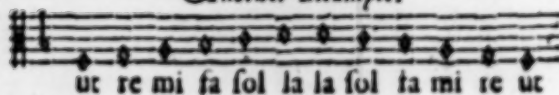
Q How many Notes is there in MUSICK?

A. There are but six Notes, which are called, and are commonly set down thus. For the better understanding of this, You shall observe the *C-sol-fa-ut* Cliefe standing on the fourth rule from beneath; then you must reckon down from the Cliefe, as though the Verse were the Scale of the Gamme assigning to every Space and Rule a several Key, and you shall finde that the first Note standeth in *C-fa-ut*, and the last in *A-la-mi-re* in Base.

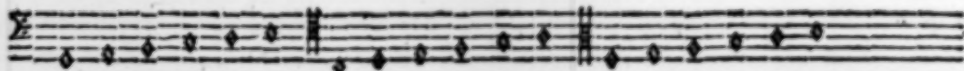


An Exposition of the Gamme and Cliefes.

Another Example.



Q In how many severall Keyes may you beginne the six Notes?
A. These three Keyes of the following Example.



But what is done in these Notes, may be also done in their O^ones : as what is done in *Gam ut*; may also be done in *G-sol-re-ut* in base, and likewise in *G-sol-re ut* in Alt. And what in *C-fa-ut*, may be also in *C-sol-fa-ut*, and in *C-sol-fa*. And what in *F-fa-ut* in base, may also be done in *F-fa-ut* in Alt. but these be the three principall Keyes containing the three Natures or Properties of Singing.

Q How many Keyes is in the Gamme?

A. Twenty, ten in Rule, and ten in Space.

Q. How many Notes are in these twenty Keyes?

A. Two and Fourty Notes: viz. seven Uts, seven Re's, seven Mi's, seven Fa's, seven Sol's, and seven La's.

Q Which are the three Properties of MUSICK?

A. B-square, Properchant, and B.molle.

Q How

An Exposition on the Gamme and Cliefes.

Q. How many of these Vts sings Bquare how many Properchant and how many Bmolle.

A. Three B-square, two Properchant, and two B-molle.

Q. Which are the three uts that singeth Bquare?

A. The ut of Gam-ut, the ut of G sol-re-ut in base, and the ut of G-sol-re-ut in Alt.

Q. Which are the two uts that singeth Properchant?

A. The ut of C-fa ut, and the ut of C-sol-fa ut.

Q. Which are the two uts that singeth Bmolle?

A. The ut of F-fa-ut in base, and the ut of F-fa-ut in alt.

Q. You have spoke of the uts, but how doth the other Notes sing?

A. As every ut singeth, so doth the rest of the Notes lykewise sing which ascendeth from that ut: As for example, the ut of Gam-ut singeth Bquare, therefore the re of A-re, the mi of x-mi, the fa of C-fa-ut, &c. doth sing likewise Bquare. Likewise the ut of C-fa-ut singeth Properchant, therefore the re of D-sol-re the mi of E-la-mi, the fa of F-fa-ut, and the sol of G-sol-re-ut, &c. singeth likewise Properchant, and the ut of F-fa-ut singeth Bmolle, therefore, the re of G-sol-re-ut, the mi of A-la-mi-re, the fa of B-fa-x-mi, must likewise sing Bmolle. Because the Notes doth arise from these uts, as you may plainly see on the Scale; and so forth of the rest.

OF the MOODS,

Q. How many Moods is there?

A. Four.

Q. Which Four?

A. Perfect

Of the Moode.

A. Perfect the More, and imperfect the More, perfect the Lesse, and imperfect the Lesse.

The First Moode.

Q. Perfect the More, whereby know ye it?

A. By my Figure, and my Number.

Q. How know ye it by your Figure?

A. A round Circle with a prick ○

Q. How know ye it by your Number?

A. They goe all by threes, except Crotchets, Quavers, and Semi-quavers.

Q. How goe they?

A. By Twos.

Q. Number that Moode?

A. Three Minims to the Semibriefe, so is the Semibriefe three, three Semibriefs to the Briefe, so is the Briefe nine, three Briefs to the Long, so is the Long seven and twenty, three Longs to the Large, so is the Large fourescore and one.

The Example of the first Moode.

Perfect the More.



Of the Moode

The second Moode.

Q *Imperfect the More, whereby know ye it?*

A. By my Figure and my Number.

Q *How know ye it by your Figure?*

A. Halte a Circle with a pricke. **C**

Q *How know ye it by your Number?*

A. They go all by twoes except Minims.

Q *How go they?*

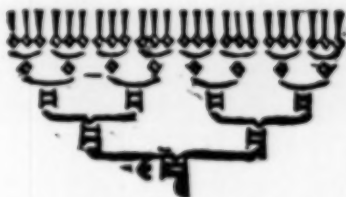
A. By threes.

Q *Number that Moode?*

A. Three Minims to the Semibriefe, so is the Semibriefe three, two Semibriefs to the Briefe, so is the Briefe six, two Briefs to the Long, so is the Long twelve, two Longs to the Large, so is the Large four and twentie.

The Example of the second Moode,

Imperfect the More.



¶¶¶

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Of the Moode.

The third moode.

Q. Perfect the Lesse, whereby know ye it?

A. By my Figure and my Number.

Q. How know ye it by your Figure?

A. A round Circle without a pricke, O

Q. How know ye it by your Number?

A. They goe all by twoes, except Semi-briefs.

Q. How goe they?

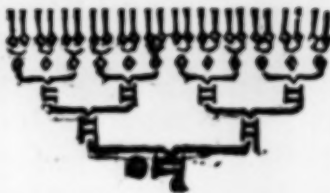
A. By threes.

Q. Number that moode?

A. Two Minims to the Semi-briefe, so is the Semi-briefe two, three Semi-briefs to the briefe, so is the briefe six, two Briefs to the Long, so is the Long twelve, two Longs to the Large, so is the Large foure and twenty.

The Example of the third Moode,

Perfect the lesse.



Of the Moode.

The fourth Moode.

Q. Imperfect the Lesse, whereby know ye it?

A. By my Figure and my Number.

Q. How know ye it by your Figure?

A. A Halfe Circle without a pricke. C

Q. How know ye it by your Number?

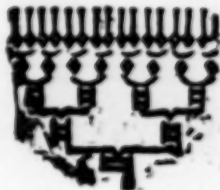
A. They goe all by twoes.

Q. Number that moode?

A. Two Minims to the Semi-briefe, so is the Semi-briefe two, two Semi-briefs to the Briefe, so is the Briefe foure, two Briefs to the Long, so is the Long eight, two Longs to the Large, so is the Large sixteen.

The Example of the fourth moode,

Imperfect the Lesse.



Fin

The Degrees.

Q. **H**ow many Degrees goes to every moode?

A. Three.

Q. Which three?

A. Moode, Tyme, and Prolation.

Q. What is Moode?

A. It is a measuring of Longs by Larges, and Briefs by Longs, and is either greater or lesser.

Q. What is the greater Moode?

A. It is a measuring of Longs by Larges, and is either perfect or imperfect.

Q. What is the greater Moode perfect?

A. Three Longs to the Large.

Q. What is the greater Moode imperfect?

A. Two Longs to the Large.

Q. What is the lesser Moode?

A. It is a measuring of Briefs by Longs, and is either perfect or imperfect.

Q. What is the lesser Moode perfect?

A. Three Briefs to the Long.

Q. What is the lesser Moode imperfect?

A. Two Briefs to the Long.

Q. What is Tyme?

A. It is

The Degrees.

A. It is a measuring of Semi-briefs by Briefs, and is either perfect or imperfect.

Q. What is perfect Tyme?

A. Three Semi-briefs to the Briefe.

Q. What is imperfect Tyme?

A. Two Semi-briefs to the Briefe.

Q. What is Prolation?

A. It is a measuring of Minims by Semi-briefs, and is either perfect or imperfect.

Q. What is perfect Prolation?

A. Three Minims to the Semi-briefe.

Q. What is imperfect Prolation?

A. Two Minims to the Semi-briefe.

Q. Perfect the More, O. How goes it in Moode, Time and Prolation?

A. Perfect great Moode, perfect lesse Moode, perfect Time, and perfect Prolatō.

Q. Imperfect the more, C. How goes it in Moode, Time, and Prolation?

A. Imperfect great Moode, imperfect lesse Moode, imperfect Time, and perfect Prolation.

Q. Perfect the lesse, O how goes it, in Moode, Tyme and Prolation?

A. Imperfect great mood, imperfect less mood, perfect time, & imperfect prolotion.

Q. Imperfect the less C how goes it in mood, time and prolotione?

A. Imperfect great mood, imperfect less mood, imperfect time. and imperfect prolotion.

The CONCORDS.

Q. What is a Concord?

A. It is a mixt sound compact of diverse voices, entering with delight in the eare, and is either perfect, or imperfect,

Q. What is a perfect Concord?

A. It is that which may stand by it self, and of it self maketh a perfect harmony, without the mixture of any other.

Q. What is an imperfect Concord.

A. It is that which maketh not a full sound, and needeth the following of a perfect Concord, to make it stand in the Harmonie.

Q. How many Conords is there?

A. Nine.

Q. Which Nine?

A. An Unisone, a third, a fifth, a sixth, an octo, a tenth, a twelfth, a thirteenth and a fifteenth.

Q. How many of them are perfect, and how many imperfect?

A. Five perfect, and foure imperfect.

Q. Which are the five perfect?

A. An unisone, a fifth, an octo, a twelfth, and a fifteenth.

Q. Which are the foure imperfect?

A. A third, a sixth, a tenth, and a thirteenth with their octoes.

Q. What mean you by their octoes?

A. Those notes which are distant from them eight notes, as from an unisone, an octo, from a fifth, a twelfth, &c.

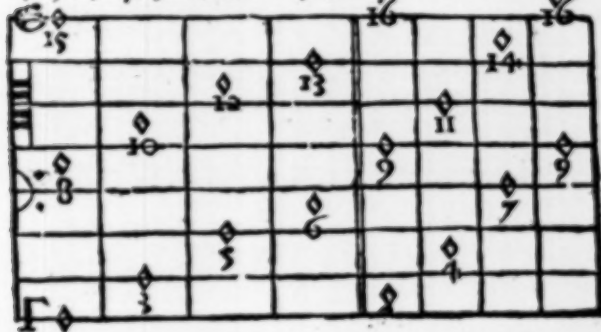
The

The SCALE of

Concords,

Discords

perfect, imperfect, perfect, imperfect,



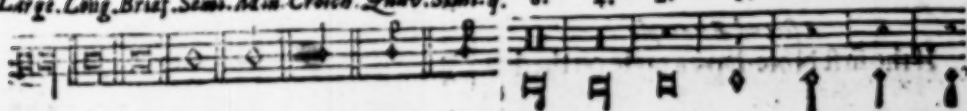
Notes, their Names, Number, and Proportions.

Example

Rests, or Pauses, of Prick, and Notes of Sincopation.

Example

Large. Long. Brief. Semi. Min. Crotch. Quav. Semi. q. *8. 4. 2. 1.*



A further Example of the *Prick Notes*, wherein you see your Measure of the Time barred, according to the *Semibriefs* both by prick *Semibriefs*, *Minims* & *Crotchets*.

Example.

Prick Long. Brief. Semi. Min. Crotchet. Quaver.

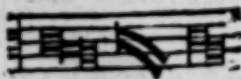


Foloweth now to speake of Ligatures

Q. *What is a Legature?*

A. It is a Combination or knitting together of two or more Notes, altering by their situation and order the value of the same, holding out if your first Note lack a taylor, the second descending, it is a long.

As in this Example.

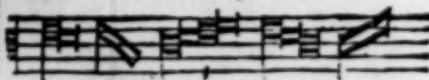


A second Example.

If the first Note have a taylor on the left

side hanging down ward : (the second ascending or descending) it is a brief,

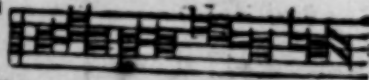
Example.



Of finall Notes in Ligatures

Every finall Note of a *Ligature* descending: being a square Note is a Long.

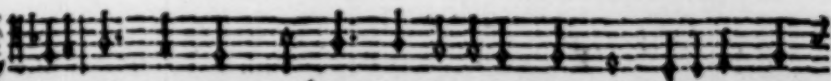
Example



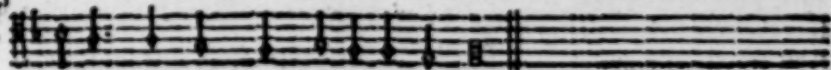
THE



THE FIRST SONG,



Ive care doth cause men cry, why do I not complean, if evry weight



bewails his woe, why doe I not the same.

Since that amongst them all,
I dare well say is none,
So farre from joy, so full of woe;
Nor hath more cause to mourne.

A

For All things living hath;
Some time at quiet rest;
The drawing Ox, the bearing Ass;
And every other Beast.

The

The Peisand, and the Post,
Which since at all assayes.
The Ship-boy and the galy slave;
Hath time to take their ease.

Save I poore wretch whom Care,
Doth so me now constrainc,
To wail the day and weep the night;
Continually in paine.

From painfullnesse to paine,
From paine to bitter tears,
From tears to painfull paine againe;
And so my Life it wears.

Ilke thing under the Sun,
That I can heare or see,
It makes me to bewail my wo;
And cruell destinie.

When I see Men reioice;
Seing I cannot so,

I take more pleasure in my paine;
It doubles burmy woe.

Or when I see men have,
Their most desired sight,
Alas I thinke all men are well,
Save I poore wofull wight.

Or when I hear the sound,
Of Song or Instrument,
I thinke all thing that joyfull is;
Doth cause me to lament.

Even as the stricken Dier,
With drawes himself alone,
So seek I then some secret place,
Where I may make my moane,

Although that for the time,
Doth much apeace my grieffe;
Yet doth it breed me further paine,
To cause me more mischief.

THE SECOND PART. To the Same.

Since that amongst them all
I dare well say is none,

More grievous Sinner nor I am,
And hath more cause to moane. (My

My youthfull years mispent
In Health, and Ignorance,
Not caring how I spent my time,
In sloth and negligence.

Even like the wandring Sheep,
Long have I gone astray,
Lord bring me to thy flock againe,
And guide me the right way :

Grant me thy Grace to ryse,
And stand in time to come,
That I may mend my wretched Life,
And mourne for time by runne.

Call me not to a-count
For former faults misdone :
But let my Saviours bloody wounds,
Be rancome for my sinne.

In mercy Lord, my God
Receiue me home to Thee:
That I may walk in thy true fear,
And praise thy Name trulie.

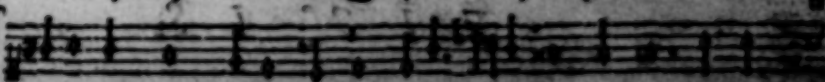
Relieve my burthen gear,
Of sinne and worldly care,
That I may in thy Sanctuary
Sing praises evermore.

FINIS.

THE SECOND SONG.

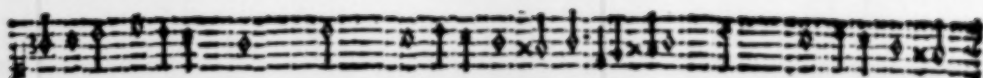


Q Lusty May with Flora Queen, the balmy drops from Phœbus

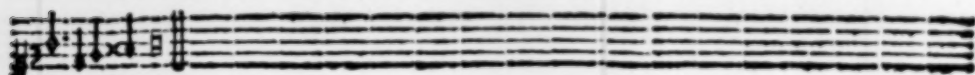


prelufant beams before the day, before the day, the day, be the

In the Dances of the And. Marched in the Long. By the



Dianna growes green: through gladnes of this lusty May, through gladnes of this



Lusty May.

Hen asperance that is so bright,
to woful hearts he casts great light
right pleasantly before the day, &c
And shewes and sheds forth of that light
Through gladnesse of this lusty May,
Through gladnesse of this lusty May,

Birds on their beews of every sort,
Set forth their notes & make great mirth
On banks that bloom on every bray, &c
And fares and flies over field and firth,
Through gladnesse, &c.

All lovers hearts that are in care,
To their Ladies they do repair,
In fresh mornings before the day, &c.
And are in mirth ay more and more,
Through gladnesse, &c.

Of every moneth in the year,
To mirthfull May their is no peer;
Her glestring Garments are so gay, &c.
You Lovers all make merry cheere;
Through gladnesse of this lusty May,
Through gladnesse of this lusty May.

F I N I S.

THE

THE THIRD SONG.

Nuill a mirthfull May morning, as Phœbus did upspring, I saw a May
both faire and gay most goodly est to see, I said to her be kinde, to me
that was so pynde, for your love truly.

First when I did you know,
You thirde my heart so low
Unto your Grace: but now incace,
Banishde through fals reports:
But I hope and I trow,
Onee for to speake with you,
Whilke does me great comfort.

Wherefore have minde on me,
True love where ever you be,
Where ever I goe both too and fro,
You have my heart alight:
O Lady faire of hew,
I me commend to you
Both day and night.

B

Shall

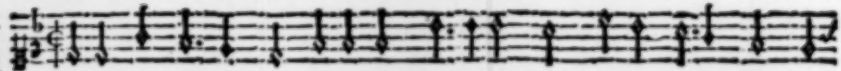
Since fortune false untrue,
Hath exylde me from you:
By suddane chance I shall advance
Your honour and your fame:

Above all earthly wight
To you my truth I plight,
In earnest or in gain.

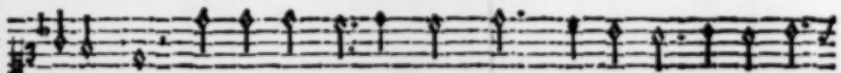
F I N I S.



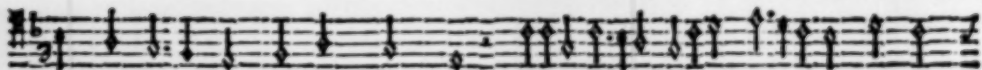
THE FOURTH SONG.



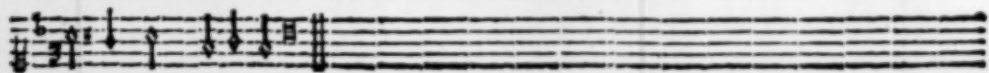
In a Garden so green, in a may morning heard I my Lady plean of ..



paramours, said she my love so sweet come you not yet nor yet heght



you not me to meet amongst the flowers, Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore, I love my



lusty Love, Elore, Lo.

Skycs

Skies up springs, and the dew down diags;
The sweet Larke sings their hours of prime;
Phœbus up sprents, joy to rest welters,
So lost is myne intents, and gone is the tyme,
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore,
I love my lustie Love, Elore, Lo.

Danger my dead is, false fortune my feed is,
And langour me lead is, but hope I dispaire,
Disdaine me desyres, so strangenesse me fears:
Deceit out of wares, adew now I fare,
Elore, Elore, &c.

Then to my Lady sooth, did I my prefence kyth,
Saying by bird be blyth, am I not yours?
So in my arms two, did I the lusty jo,
And kist her tymes mo, then night hath houres.
Elore, Elore, &c.

Live in hope Lady faire, and repell all dispaire:
Trust not that your true Love, shall you betray;
When deceit and langour, banished is from your bower,
He be your paramour, and shall you please.
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore,
I love my lusty Love, Elore, Lo.

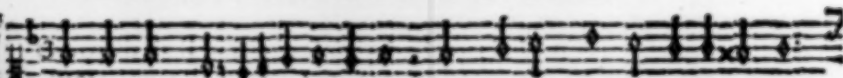
Favour and duty, unto your bright beautie,
 Confirmed hath lawrie, and oblic'de to truth,
 So that your soverance, heauly but variance
 Marke in your memorance, mercy and ruth,
 Elore, Elore, &c.

Yet for your courtisie, banish all jealousie:
 Love for love lustily, doe me restore:
 Then with us Lovers young true love shall rest and reign,
 Solace shall sweetly sing, Elore, &c.
 Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore,
 I love my lusty Love, Elore, &c.

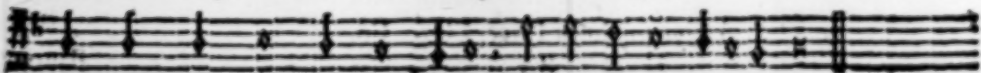
F I N I S.

XX

THE FYFTH SONG.



Hen as the Greeks did enterprise, to Troyes town in armes to goe, (bis
 they choosed a counsell sage and wise Apollos answere for to know,



how they should speed and have successe, In that so great a buisinesse.

Then

Then did they send the wisest Greeks
 Appollos answer for to know:
 Who with the tears upon their cheeks
 But and the fire flames of wood,
 With all such rites as was the guise,
 They did their great God sacrifice:

When they had done thus their request,
 And solemnly their service done:
 And drank the wine and slew the beast
 Apollo gave them answer soone:

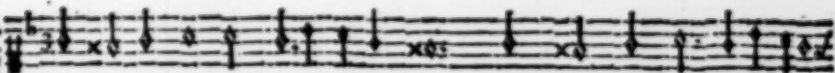
That Troy and Trojans have they should
 To use them fully as they would.

Which answer made them not so glade,
 That they should thus victorious be;
 As even the answer which I had,
 Did also joy and comfort me.
 For thus then said Apollo myne,
 All that thou seeks it shall be thine:

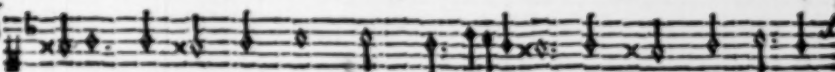
F I N I S.



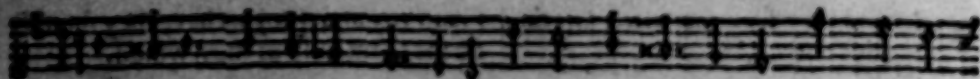
THE SIXTH SONG.



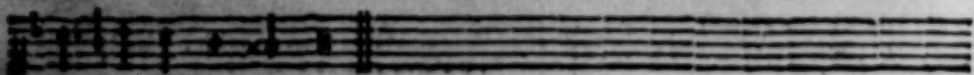
Ou Lovers all that love would prove, come learne to know true Love



indeed, first love the Lord your God above; from whom all goodnes
 C doth



doeth proceed, pray to him faithfully, to grant his spirit to thee, thy sinnes to



mortific and that with speed.

Als love thy neighbour heartfully,
Wishing his wellfare night and day,
Dealing with all men faithfully:
As to thy selfe thou would alway.

Beseech the Lord of might,
His Spirit to guide thee right;
His precepts day and night
For to obey.

Since that the time is here but short,
That we in earth are to indure:
Rejoice in God and have comfort;
In Christ his Son that bought us deare:

Pray to the Trinitie;
One God and persons three,
To serve him faithfully;
With heart sincere.

The sacrifice of laud and praise
Sing to the Lord both day and night:
With thanksgiving to him allwayes,
For all his benefits so bright.

Thy time in vertue spend:
Remember on thy end,
See thou thy life amend;
With all thy might.

Then shalt thou at the latter day
When Christ thee to account shall call:
Rejoice in God and not affray
For fear of any sudden fall.

Therefore live merrily,
In Love and Charity,
Thanking thy GOD truly
What may befall.

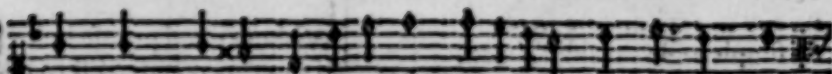
Now

Now let us all still watch and pray;
Still waiting on that day and houre:
When Christ shall come without delay;
To judge all earthly creature.
Then be prepaide therefore,

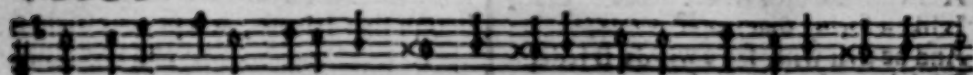
With Lamps and oile in store,
To meete that King of Glore,
That comes for ay.
F I N I S.



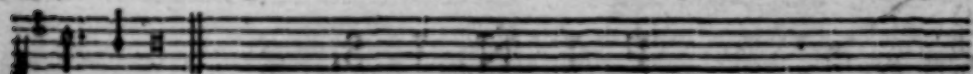
THE SEVENTH SONG.



He thoughts of men do daily chāge, as fantasie breeds in their breasts,
and now their nature is so strange, that few can find where friendship rests



for double dealing bears such sway, that honest meaning, that honest meaning



doth decay.

OUT

C₂

The

THe stedfast faith that friends profest:
Is fled from them and seldom usde;
He who a faithfull friend profest,
Doth make his friendship now abuse:
Where one is found a friend indeed,
A score there be, a score there be, that
fail at need.

For barren trees will bloome right faire,
As well as those that fruit will yelde:
Whose barke and branches seems as faire
As any tree within the field.
As simple looks the subtil man;
As he that no, as he that no kind false-
hood can.

A friend of words where deeds be dead,
Is like a spring that water wants,
And he that with faire words is fede,
Doth hope for fruite of withert plants;

But who can judge be hew of eye,
Since deeds are dead, since deeds are dead
wher truth should be.

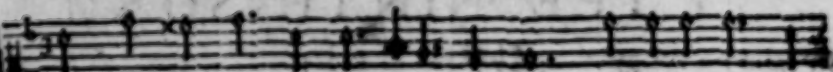
The fairest way that I can finde,
Is first to try and then to trust:
So shall affections not be blinde,
For prooffe will soone spy out the iust;
And tryall knowes who means deceit.
And bids us be, and bids us be warre of
their baite,

Without good prooffe be nor too bold,
If thou my counsell list to take:
In painting words there is no hold,
They be but leaves that wind do shake,
But where that words and deeds agree,
Except that friends, accept that friends,
and credit me.

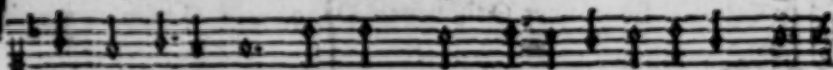
F I N I S.

THE

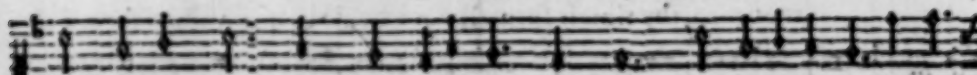
THE EIGHT SONG.



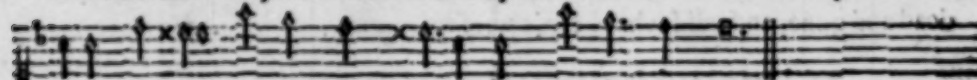
Hen chyle cold age shall cease upon thy blood, and hoary hairs do



show the winters fall; thy joynts which e'rst in full perfection stood:



now sick and weak, makes thee thou may'st not crawl. O then I say for all




thy passed pleasure, A conscience clear is worth a world of treasure.

When on thy bed, in anguish thou do'st lye;
In some hard fever, striving still for breath:
Thy Wife and Children then upon thee cry,
Som wishing life, yet most for goods thy death
O then I say, for all thy passed pleasure,
A conscience clear is worth a world of treasure

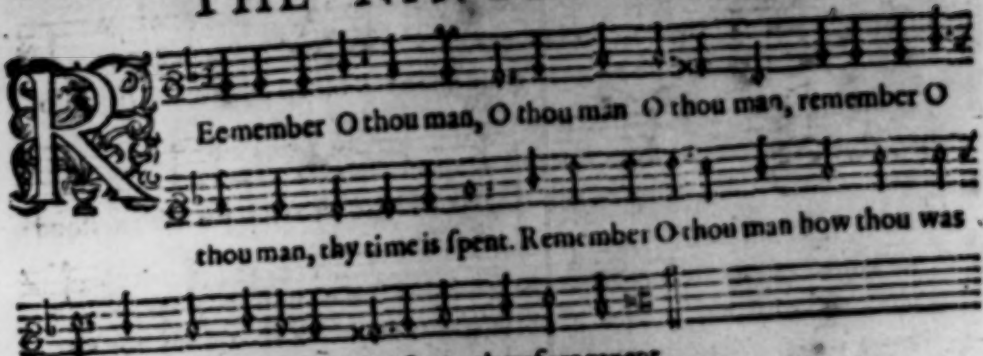
When foul sin shall appear in it's own weed,
Shall thy distracted senses so affright;
In recordation of thy former deede,
Nothing thou'lt have but sorrow for delight
O then I say, for all thy passed pleasure,
A conscience clear is worth a world of treasure;

D

FINIS.



THE NINTH SONG.



Remember O thou man, O thou man O thou man, remember O
thou man, thy time is spent. Remember O thou man how thou was
dead and gone, and I did what I can, therefore repent.

Remember Adams fall O thou man, O thou man,
Remember Adams fall, from heaven to hell,
Remember Adams fall how we were condemned all,
In hell perpetuall therein to dwell.

Remember Gods goodnesse, O thou man, O thou man,
Remember Gods goodnesse, his promise made.
Remember Gods goodnesse, how he sent his Sonne doubtlesse:
Our finnes for to redresse, be not affraide.

The

The Angels all did sing, O thou man, O thou man;
The Angels all did sing, on the shepherds hill:
The angels all did sing praise to our heavenly King;
And peace to man living, with a good will.

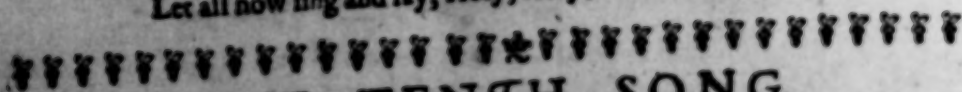
The shepherds amazed was, O thou man, O thou man,
The shepherds amazed was, to heare angels sing.
The shepherds amazed was, how it should come to passe;
That CHRIST our MESSIAS should be our King.

To Bethlem did they goe, O thou man, O thou man;
To Bethlem did they goe, the shepherds three,
To Bethlem did they goe to see if it were so or no,
Whether Christ was borne or no, to set man free.

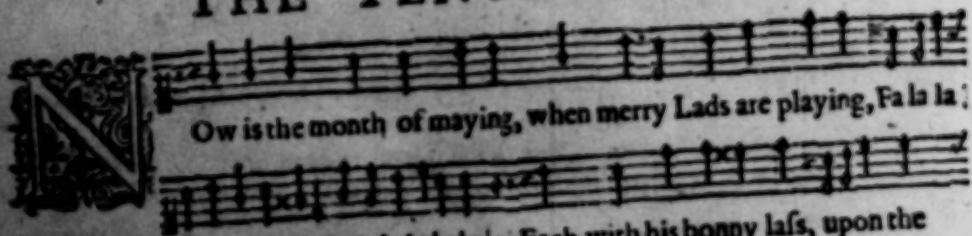
As the Angels before did say, O thou man, O thou man,
As the angels before did say, so it came to passe.
As the angels before did say, They found a babe where he lay,
In a manger wrapt in hay, so poore he was.

In Bethlem he was borne, O thou man, O thou man,
In Bethlem he was borne, for man-kinds sake.
In Bethlem he was borne for us that was forlorne,
And therefore tooke no scorne, our flesh to take.

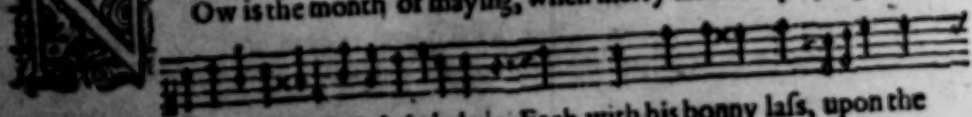
Give thanks to God allway, O thou man, O thou man,
 Give thank to God allway, most joyfully.
 Give thanks to God allway, for this our happy day,
 Let all now sing and say, Holy, Holy. FINIS.



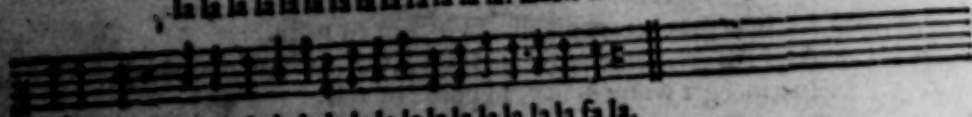
THE TENTH SONG.



Ow is the month of maying, when merry Lads are playing, Fa la la !



la la la la la la la la la la la. Each with his bonny lass, upon the



greeny grass: Fa la la la la la la la la la la la fa la.

The spring clade all in gladness,
 Doth laugh at winners sadness, fa la la &c.
 And to the bag-pipe sound,
 The fiddlers tread out their ground, fa la &c

Py then why are we musing?
 Youth sweet delighe refusing, fa la la &c:
 Say Dainty Nymphs and speake,
 Shall we play barley breake, fa la la, &c.

THE
 N I S.

THE ELEVENTH SONG.



Et not I say the sluggish sleep close up thy waking eye, untill

that thou with judgement deep, thy dayly deeds thou try. He that

one sinne in conscience keeps, while he to quiet goes, more venterous is

then he that sleeps, with twentie mortall foes.

<p>VV Herfore at night call into minde How thou the day hath spent: Praise God if not amisse thou finde,</p>	<p>If ought in tyme repent. And since thy bed a paterne is, Of death and farrall tears,</p>
---	---

E

Bedward

Reddest is shallowing smiling
This to record in verse.

My bed is like the grave so cold,
And sleep which sticks mine eye
Resembles death cloaths which me fold
Declare the mould so dry.
The thinking flie as ressembls well
The wringing worme to me,
Which with me in the grave shall dwell:

Where I no light shall see.

The mightie Bell which I heare knell,
As I am laide in bed,
Most like a bitter Trumpet fell
Ever shouting in my head;
My rising in the morne likeways
When sleepy night is past,
Purs me in mynde that I must rise,
To judgement at the last.

F I N I S.

THE TWELFTH SONG



When my foe full of Iniquity, thy subtile snares of sin assaults me,

against my Lord and Maker to rebell: with sweet allurments leads

the way to hell.

O sinfull

Christ.

O Sinfull man since God hath creast thee,
A living soul to serve him faithfully,
And from the hell he thee redeem'd again,
Obey my voice and from thy sinnes refrain.

Sinner.

Alace Satban, the World and flesh also,
All three in one conspired hath my woe:
Me to intrape in sinfull pleasures here,
Through sin & sarhan to death & endles fear.

Christ

Believe my word, and in thy heart imprint,
My sufferings for thy sake and doe repent,
Pray to our father for the spirit of grace:
To mend thy life God grant thee time & space

Sinner.

Alace my foresaid toes full craftily
Dorth me entise from thy precepts to fly;
And follow pleasures of my flesh in sinne,
The which is sweet to passe my time therein.

Christ.

O careless man, that sweetnes will bring sorrow
And in the end eternall woe and paine.
Flye sinne therfore, the Sabbath day thou keep
My word will draw thee from that sinful sleep.

Sinner.

Alace my Dord I fight continually.

Against the Devil, the world & flesh all these
So that my wits and senses are benumde,
Cloged with worldly things, almost ov'come

Christ.

Cast first thy care to conquere heaven above;
Through faith in me and godly works in love,
Thy Father who knowes thy present needs,
Will thee supply of worldly thing, with speed.

Sinner.

Prosperity makes me sometimes mirknow:
Adversity makes me dispaire and low;
Whyls with the one, and other am torment,
Which mars my mind & makes me malcontent

Christ.

If riches grow, set not thy heart thereon,
Lest that it make thee like the rich Glutton:
Richer well usde, Gods blessing dueth procure,
If crost with want, then Lazarus was poore.

Sinner.

Betwixt these two I crave to stand content,
If so it please my God for to consent;
Praying therefore I seek to please his will,
And be brought home by flock & fold untill.

Christ.

Thou art not able for to runne that race,
To please his will, without his spirit of grace;
Therefore beseech his divine Majestie

To banish sin, and grant his sp'rit to thee.

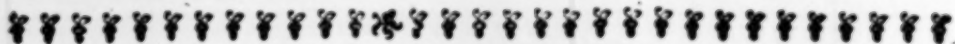
Sinner.

I shall beseech my Lord and God of might
The Father, Son, and Sp'rit to guide thee right
That I may walk in thy true tear and love:
And at the last attain thy joyes above.

Sinner,

If so thou doest thy prayer shall be heard,
And in the heavens for thee a place preparede.
Then serve thy God, praise his holy Name:
Obey my voice and still with me remaine.

FINIS.



THE THIRTEENTH SONG.



Floods of tears could change my follies past or smoaks of sighs

could sacryfice for sinne; if groaning cryes could free my fault at last or

endlefs moane for ever pardon win: Then would I weep sigh cry and ever groan

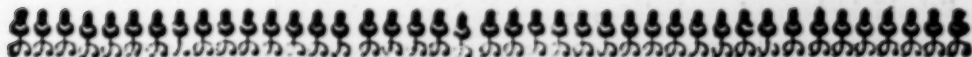
for follies faults faults for sinnes and errors gone,

I See

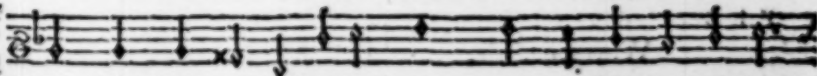
I See my hope must wither in their bud,
 I find mens favours are not lasting flowers,
 I find that words will breed no better good:
 But losse of time and lightning but at houres.
 Thus since I see, then thus I say therefore,
 That favours hopes, & words, and words, can
 binde no more.

Since man is nothing but a masse of clay,
 Our dayes not else but shaddowes on the wall,
 Trust in the Lord, who lives and lasts for ay,
 Whose favour found will neither fade nor faile
 My God to thee I resigne my mouth & minde
 No trust in youth, in youth, no faith in Age I
 finde

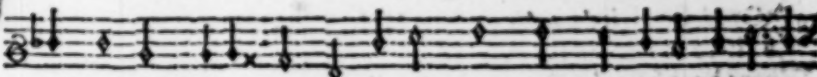
FINIS.



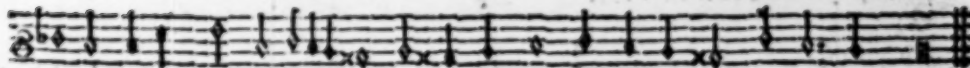
THE FOURTHEENTH SONG.



Come Love let's walk in yonder spring, where we shall hear the black-



Burd sing, the Robin red brest & the Thrush, the nightingale in thorny



bush, the mavis sweetly caroling, this to my love this to my love content will bring.

F

IN

In yonder dale grow fragrant Flowers
With many sweet and shady Bowers :
A pearling Brook, whose silver streams,
Are beautified with Phoebus Beams :
Still stealing through the trees so fayr,
Because Diana, because Diana,
Baths her there.

Behold the Nymph with all her trayn,
Comes tripping throug the Park amain :
And in this Grove she here will stay,
At Barley-breaks to sport and play.
Where we shall sit us down and see,
Fair Beautie mixt, fair Beautie mixt,
With Chastitie.

Another to the same.

Come, Lord, let's walk on Sion Hill,
There to remain for ever still :
Where Prophets, 'postles, and just folk,
With Martyrs on a row do walk.

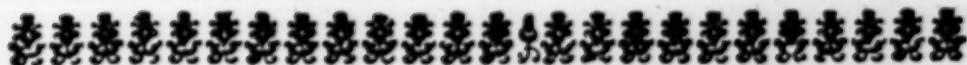
The Angels sweetly caroling;
This to my Soul, this to my Soul;
Content shall bring,

In Gods house many Mansions are,
Which Christ is gone for to prepare;
For his El^d & own dear friends;
Where Ioy remains, and never ends.
Gods Saints shall thither all repair;
Because the Lamb. because the Lamb
Of GOD reigns there.

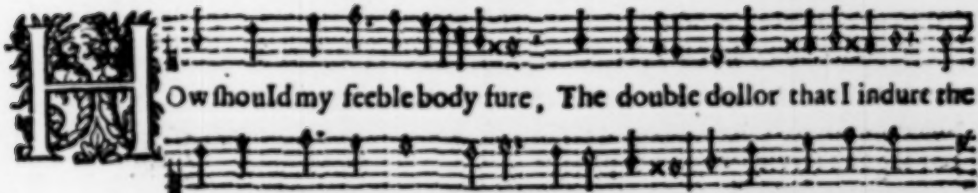
WVe shall behold the LORD amain;
Come through the Clouds, with Angels
And in the twinkling of an eye, (train:
We shall ascend up through the Sky :
Where we shall sit us down and sing,
Sweet Psalms of Praise, sweet Psalms
To Ichovah King. of Praise,

F I N I S.

THE

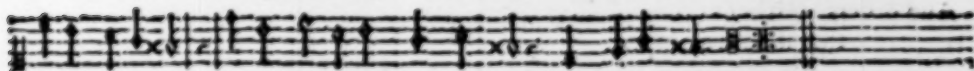


THE FYFTHTEENTH SONG.



Ow should my feeble body sure, The double dollor that I indure the

mourning and the great malure, cannot define: it doth my balefull



breast conbure, to see an other have in cure that should be mine.

FOr well I wot, was never wight,
That could inforce his mind & might,
To love and serve his lady bright;
and want her syne.

As I doe martyre day and night:
Without that onely thing of right,
that should be myne.

Were I of puffiance for to prove,
My lowlie and my heartly love,
I should her mynde to mercy move:
with sick propyne.
Were all the world at my behove,
She should it have be God above,
For to be myne.

F 3

Now

Now whome to shall I make my moane:
For truth nor constance find I none:
For all the faithfull love is gone,
of Femeneene.

It would oppresse an heart of stone,
To see me losse for her alone,
that should be myne.

Who shall my dulled spirits raise:
Since not for love my Lady goes,
For if good service might her please:
she should inclyne.

I die in dollour and disease,
And others hath her as they please,
that should be myne.

I may perceiue right well by this,
That all the blythnes, joy and blesse,
The lusty wanton lyfe I wish,
of love is hyne.

What remedy since so it is:
But patience suppose I misse,
that should be myne:

For Nobles hath not ay renown,
Nor gentles ay the gayest gown,
They cary victuals to the town,
that worse doth dyne.

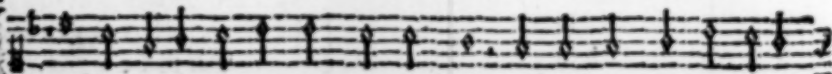
So busilie to busk I bown,
And other eats the Berry down,
that should be myne.

Who cannot rage of youth-hood dant,
Let him to lovers court do haunt,
And him as Venus subject grant,
and keep her tryne.

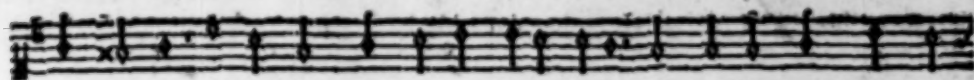
Perchance he shall find mercy skant,
And able his reward to want,
As I doe myne.

F I N I S.

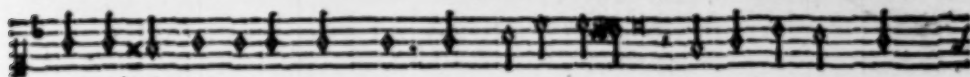
THE SIXTHTEENTH SONG.



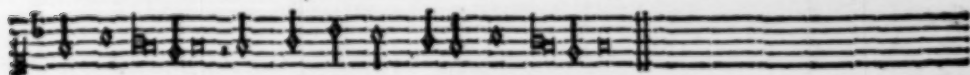
O wonder is suppose my weeping eyes, be blinded with the rainy
clowd



cloud of woe & with the sword of sharp adversities, my doolfull heart thus pier-



ced been in two, alace sweet heart all comfort is agoe, despaire is Lord; good



hope is in exyle, that e're I lovde alace this forie while

AS with the wind oppressed is the corne,
The stone thirled with rainy drops great;
And with the worme the scarlet rent & shorne
So is my heart overthirde and overfet:
My salt teares are mingled with bloody sweat,
Pale is my face and feaded is my hew,
Of Loves laire alace that ever I knew.

I seek remeed unto my deadly wound,
As fire in Yce, and heat in Marble stone,
I feel a quadrant in a figor round;
A deaf Sophist a problem to expound;
I seek the truth in heart where there is none

As who would fish upon the mountains high,
Or goe to gather berries in the sea.

Now is my care through old occasion,
Old is my wound, my paines now are fore;
The more I seek for consolation,
My heaviness increaseth more and more;
I love alace and all my love is lore:
More woe I with dread never man on yeerd,
Such is my chance, such is my haples weard.

I have enough and more for to complaine;
Of every care that may my doole distresse,

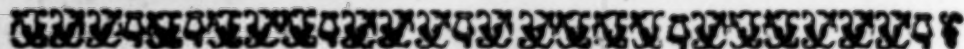
G

How

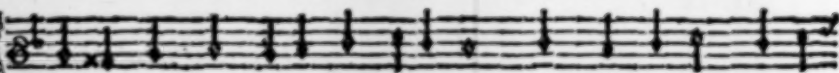
How may my tongue or hand express the paine
Because the truth unable is to guesse,
I love alace not with those cares expresse,

My deadly Ghost but rather with the dart,
Bereave my life as thou hath done my heart.

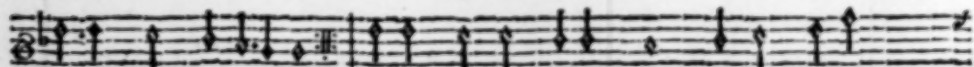
FINIS.



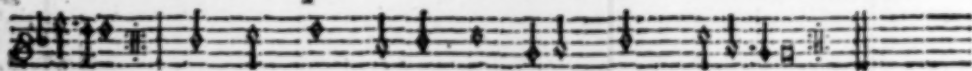
THE SEVENTEENTH SONG.



Hat if a day, or a month, or a year, crown thy delights with a
May not the change of a night or a houre crosse thy desires with as



thousand wisht contentings. Fortune, honour, beauty, youth, are but blossoms
many sad tormentings. wanton pleasure, dotting love, are but shadowes



flying; all our joyes are but toyes idle thoughts deceiving.
dying, none hath power of an houre of his lives bereiving.

Th'earth's

Th'earth's but a point of the world and a man,
Is but a point of the Earth's compared centure:
Shall then the point of a point, be so vaine
As to triumph in a fillie points adventure,

All is hazard, that we have,
Here is nothing byding.
Dayes of pleasure are as streams,
Throw faire meadows glyding:
Well or woe time doth go,
Time hath no returning:
Secret Fates guides our Estates,
Both in mirth and mourning.

What if a smyle or a beck or a looke,
Feed thy fond thoughts with many a vain conceiving:
May not that smyle, or that beck, or that looke,
Tell thee aswell they are but false deceivings.

Why should beautie be so proud,
In things of no surmounting.
All her wealth is but a shreud,
Nothings of accounting,
Then in this, ther's no bleffe,
Which is vaine and idle,
Secret fates guides our estates,
Tyme doth hold the brydle.

What if the world with alures of his wealth,
Raife thy degree to great place of hie advancing,
May not the world by a cheek of that wealth,
Bring thy degree to as low despised chanting.

Whill the Sun of wealth doth shine,
Thou shalt have friends plenty,
But when wealth comes they repine,
Not one abyds of twentie.
Wealth and friends holds and ends,
As fortunes rise and fall,
Up and down, smyle and frown,
Certaine is no state at all

What if a grip, or a stream, or a fit,
Pinch thee with pain, or the feeling pangs of sicknesse:
May not that grip, or that stream, or that fit,
Shew thee the form of thy own true perfect likenesse:

Health is but a glance of joy,
Subject to all changes,
Mirth is but a silly boy,
Which mishap estranges;
Tell me then silly man,
Why thou art so weak of witt?
As to be in jeopardie,
When thou might in quiet sit.

F I N I S.

THE



THE EIGHTEENTH SONG.



Yk as the dumb *Solfequium* with care overcome doth sorrow when

the Sun goes out of sight, hangs down her head, & drops as dead,

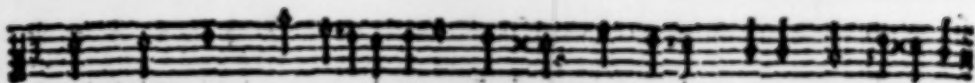
and will not spread but lurkes her leaves through longer of the night till foolish

Phaton rise with whip in hand, to cleare the cristall Skies & light the land, Birdes in

their Bour waites for that hour & to their king a glade good morrow gives from

H

Thence



thence that Flowre likes not to lowre but laughs on *Phœbus* opening out her leaves

SO stands't with me, except I be wher I may
My lamp of light, my Lady & my love, (see
When she departs ten thousand darts in sundry

arres,
Thistles through mine heaveie heart but rest or
roove,

My countenance declares mine inward griefe,
And Hope almost despaires to find reliefe,
I die, I dwine, play doeth me pyne,
I loath on every thing I lo ke, alace,
While *Titan* mine, upon me shine,
That I revive through favour of her grace.

Fra she appear into her Spheare begins to clear
The dawning of my long desired day.
Then *Courage* crys on *Hope* to rise, fra she espies
The noysom night of absence went away:
No woe can me awake nor yet impesh,

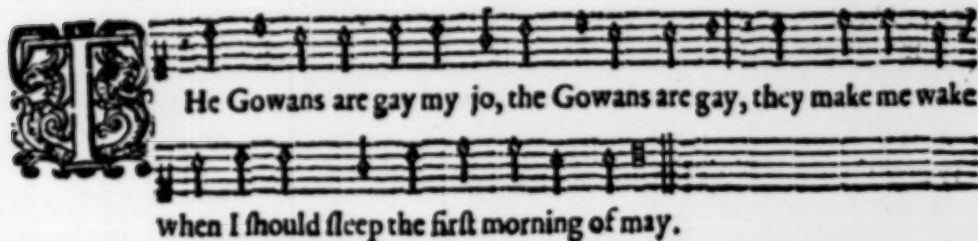
Bor on my statelie stalke I flourish fresh:
I spring, I sprout, my Leaves break out,
My colour changeth in an heartsome hew,
No more I lout, but stands up stout,
As glad of her, of whome I onely grew.

O happy day, goe not away, *Apollo* stay,
Thy Cart from going down into the West,
Of me thou make thy *Zodiack*, that I may take
My pleasur to behold, whome I love best,
Her presence me restores to life from death,
Her absence also shores to cut my breath:
I wish in vain, Thee to remain,
Since *Primum Mobile* doth say me nay,
At least my Wane, haste soon again,
Fare well with patience perforce till day.

F I N I S.

THE

THE NYNTEENTH SONG.



A Bout the Fields as I did passe,
the Gowans are gay,
I chanced to meet a proper Lassie
the first morning of May

Right bufsie was that bonie maide;
the gowans are gay,
And I thereafter to her saide
the first morning of May.

O Lady fair what doe you here,
the gowans are gay,

Gathring the Dew what needs you speare
the first morning of May.

The Dew quoth I, what can that meane,
the Gowans are gay,
She said to wash my Lady cleane,
the first morning of May.

I asked farther at her syne,
the Gowans are gay,
To my will if she would incline,
the first morning of May.

H 2

She

She said her earand was not there,
the Gowans are gay,
Her Maiden-head on me to ware,
the first morning of May.

Thus I her lefr; and past my way,
the Gowans are gay,
Into a Gradene me to play,
the first morning of May,

Where there was Birds singing ful sweet
the Gowans are gay,

Unto my comfort was full meet,
the first morning of May.

And thereabout I past my time,
the Gowans are gay,
While that it was the houre of prime;
the first morning of May.

And then returned home again;
the Gowans are gay,
Pansing what Maiden that had been;
the first morning of May.

F I N I S.



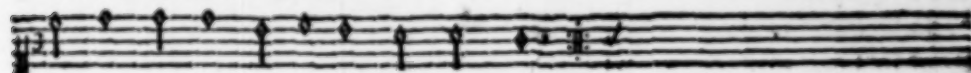
THE TWENTY SONG.



Leep wayward thoughts and rest you with my love, let not my love
touth not proud Hands lest you her Anger move, but pine you with
be with



be with my Love dis-eased, Thus while she sleeps I sorrow for her sake, so sleeps
my longings long displeased.

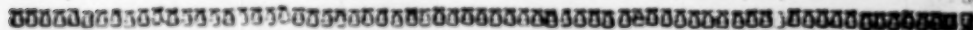


my love my love and yet my love doth wake

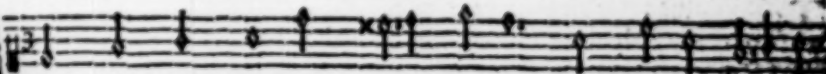
BUt O the furie of my restless fear,
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires,
The Glories and the Beauties that appear,
Betwixt her Brows, near Cupids closed fires,
Thus while she sleeps movs sighing for hersake
So sleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love
doth wake.

My Love doth rage, & yet my Love doth rest,
Fear in my love, and yet my love secure,
Peace in my love, and yet my love opprest,
Impatient yet, of perfect tempratour,
Sleep dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake
So sleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love
doth wake.

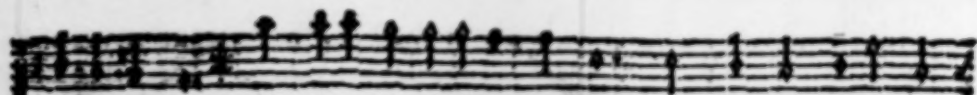
F I N I S.



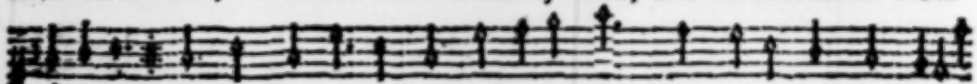
THE TWENTYONE SONG.



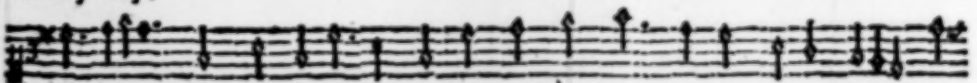
Hen FA-THER A-DAM first did see, from presence of the
His cloathes was short scarce covered his knee, the great God cryed &
LORD



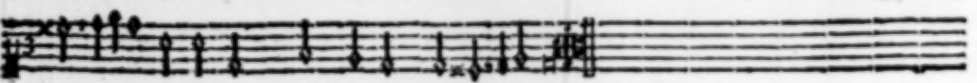
LORD his face, Stay Adam *g* saith the Lord, where art thou Adam torne
held him in chace, I was a-fraid to heare thy voice, and na-ked thus to come



the & stay, who hath reveal'd to thee that naked thou should be, or hath thou eaten
in thy way:



of the tree, which I comanded thee, it tought it should not be, therfore beginsthy



mifery, O Adam ! poor Adam: I pittie thee.

THe Woman which thou gave to me,
To be my helper as I thought,
Did eat, and also counfelde me:
Which now alace! is dearly bought.
The Serpent false hath me beguil'd;

That Rebel to thy Majestie.
For to have us and ours exylde;
With his rebellious company,
That is no just excuse,
To leave the Lord and use

The

The counsel of thy Enemy,
Blest freedom to refuse,
Soul and body to refuse;
Pitie O Adam, I pitie thee,
O Adam, poor Adam I pitie thee,

Yet for thy fault thou punisht shall be,
Before thou live in pleasure and ease,
Nothing but labour shall be to thee,
Thy meat thou shalt wone with sweat &
dis-ease;

And thou O Eve, in stead of thy mirth,
And pleasant Parádice preclaire,
In grievous pain shall be thy birth &
With many a sigh and groan full faire.

Yet from thy Enemy,
And Sathans cruelty,
I will surely set thee free,
If thou will turn to me,
Obey and thankfull be,
Surely thou shall be dear to me,
O Adam, poore Adam dear shall thou be

But thou the Serpent that did goe,

So sliely up upon the field,
Shall on thy belly creep also;
The dust shall be thy meat and bield.
Cursed shall thou be for ever,
Enemy to the womans seed,
He shall prevail, but thou shall never,
For he shall bruisse thee on the head;
And shall restore again,
From death and endlesse pain,
My servant David to be with me;
Where he shall ay remain;
With me his Soverane,
In joy and blisse eternally,
O Adam, O Adam, thus shall it be.

Away went Sathan most discontent,
Christ being promised for to reign:
And metomorphosed was his intent,
Through power of his mighty King.
Our freedome Lord, we have from thee,
That bowels of mercy poured out:
Upon thy whole posterity,
Of thy free grace withouten doubt.
Therefore we humbly,

Intreat thy Majestie,
That we may ever thankfull be:
And for our sins contrite,
Rejoicing in the sp'it,

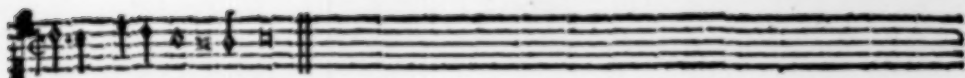
Praying to thee most humbly sweet;
O Iesus, dear Iesus have pitie on me,
O Adam, deare Adam I pitie thee.
F I N I S.



THE TVVENTYTVO SONG.



Y bailfull brieft in blood all bruiſt & all my corps a-lace in paine,
that force nor ſtrength haue I no maughts to uſe thē ſelvs as they
were mine. My body doth but daylie dwyne in deadly woe, without of.
ſence, my heart, it hath no Medicine, ſince I may paſſe from her preſence Since I may
paſſe



pasle from her presence,

Uncertain of the time and place,
When that we two should meet again,
No force of all yet gave her grace,
Would once relieve me of my pain:
Alace, faire words are but a train,
And serves thy body but for a space;
Without good hope, time's spent in vain,
I say no more, but oft alace.

Alace that ever I saw her face;
Or had it in remembrance,
Alace that ever I knew the place,
When first we made our acquaintance,
Woe worth the love of ignorance,
To love where no love can abide,
Wo worth the framed ignorance,
Since dollorous death must be my guide.

Albeit as yet I suffer pain,
Not all is vain my time is spent;
For she that hath my faithfull heart,
Would heart out of my bowels rent,
And alter many witts content:
Who lists to looke on her a space,
Was never beaury more excellent,
But may be seen into her face.

And yet suppose my heart were free;
At liberty but any pain,
It were impossible to me,
But it would soone rerurne again:
To her with whome it did remaine;
Above all earthlie wight alive,
Sweet heart relieve me of my pain;
Relieve me, or I end my life.

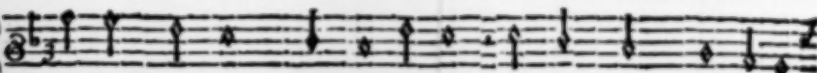
F I N I S.

K

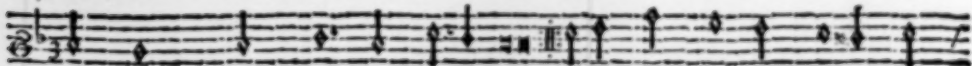
THE



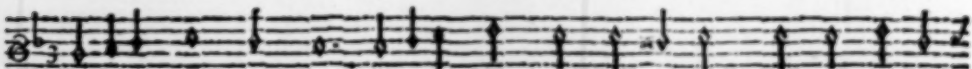
THE TVVENTYTHIRD SONG.



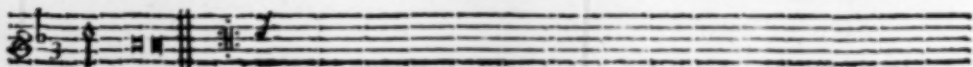
Wake sweet Love thou art return'd, my heart which long in ab-
Let Love which never absent dyes, now live for ever in



sence mourn,d, lives now in perfect joy: Only her self hath seemed fair,
her eyes, whence came my first annoy, despaire did make me wish to dye,



she only I could love, she only drew me to dispaire, when she unkynde
that I my joyes might end, she only which did make me flee, my stare may now



did prove.
A-mend,

If she

If she esteeme thee now ought worth,
 She wil not grieve thy love hence forth
 Which so dispaire hath prov'd.
 Dispaire hath proved now in me,
 That love will not unconstant be,
 Though long in vain I loved.
 If she at last reward my love,
 And all my harmes repaire.

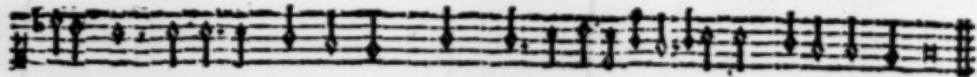
Thy happinesse will sweeter prove,
 Raifde up from deep dispaire;
 And if that now thou welcome be,
 when thou with her dost meete;
 She all this while but playde with thee:
 To make thy joyes more sweete.

F I N I S.



THE TWENTYFOURTH SONG.

Even death behold I breath, my breath procures my paine, else dollow
 after death, shold slack whē I were slain: but deathies disdain, so span
 my froward threed, but mercy to remaine a maityre quicke and dead. O cruell
 deadly



deadly feed! O rigour but remorse! since there is no remed, come patience perforce.

THe Fates, my froward fates,
With wicked wierds hath wrought:
My state of all estates,
Unhappiest to be thought,
Have I offended ought,
Or wrought against their will:
But mercy then they might,
Conclude my Corps to kill;
But as they have no skill,
Of reason, nor regarde,
The innocent and ill,
Receive a lyke reward.

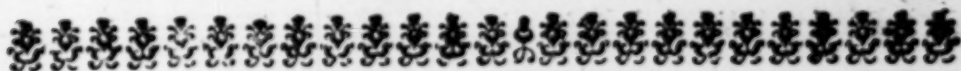
My heart but rest or rove,
Reuth, reason or respect,
With Fortunes death and love,
Is kept under cheke,
That now there is no neck,
Nor draught to make debate:

But needs must burst and breake,
For Love must have his Mate;
Reliefe alace! is late,
When I am forcede to flie,
I stand in strange estate,
I love, I dwyne, I die.

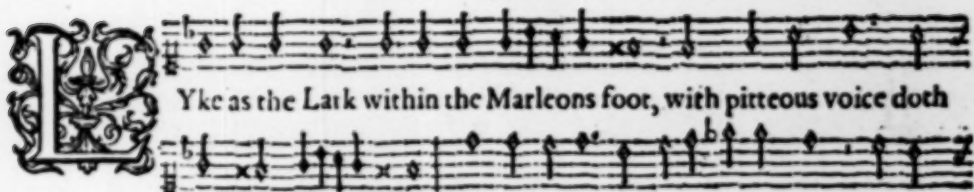
Yet time shall try my trueth,
And painfull patient part:
Though love would rage but rueth,
And death with deadly dart,
Should stay to cure my smart,
On Fortunes fickle wheele,
All shall not change my heart:
Which is as true as Steele,
I am not lyke an Eele,
To slip away and slide:
Love, Fortune, Death, farewell,
Where I am bound I'le byde,

FINIS.

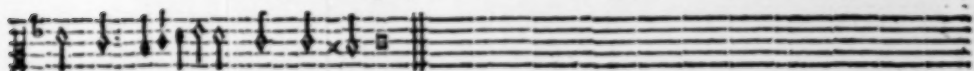
THE



THE TWENTYFIFTH SONG.



chirk her yeelding lay, even so doe I since is no other boot; rendring



my song unto your will obey.

Your vertue mounts a'bove my force so hye
That with your beauties feasted I am so sure
That there remains resistance none in me,
But patiently your pleasure to indure.

And in your will my fancy shall depend;
My Life, my Death consists into your will:
Rather would I, my life were at an end,
Then in dispaire this way continue still.

Wounded I am, with deadly darts dint,
Fetterde with fetters, despairing of reliefe,
Lying in langour as carefull captive cint,
And ye the cause of all my woe and grieffe.

And since there is no pity more in place,
But that your cruelty doth thrust my bloods:
I am content to have no other grace,
But let it out, if it may doe you good.

L

Finis

THE

THE TWENTYSIXTH SONG

I Love great God above, I am not opprest with Love, but daily may
remove, when lykes me; Be she for my behove, I list for no reprove.
ay when I list to love I may let be, and choose an other love that will love me.

I See Lovers annew,
That are both trust and true,
For Love changes hyd and hew,
And blaikned be.
When she list not to rewe,
Why should I more pursue?
Ay when I list to love I may let be,
And choose another Love, that will love
me.

Since wicked variance,
And false dissimulance,
And double inconstance,
Beares the gree:
Since faithfull observance,
Can get no recompence:
Ay when I list to love, I may let be,
And choose another Love, that will love
me.

Since Faith cannot be found,
 Nor pity can abound,
 Why should I runne on ground?
 And cannot flee:
 As good love lost as found,
 Far better loose then bound,
 Ay when I list to love I may let be,
 And choose another Love that will love
 me.

Since I may not her mease,
 She is so ill to please,
 Love doth her most disease,
 That cannot flee.
 Since as good comes as goes,
 My heart yet shall I raise;
 Ay when I list to love, I may let be:
 And choose another Love that will love
 me. Finis.

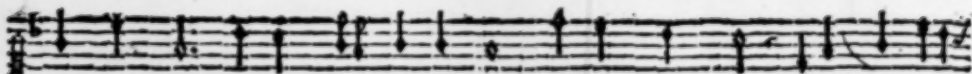


THE TWENTYSEVENTH SONG.

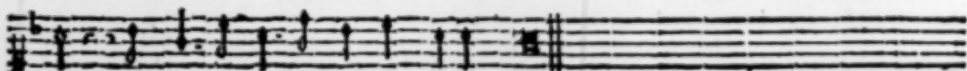
The lowest trees have tops, the Ant her gall, the Flee her spleen, the little
 Sparke its hear, the slender haire cast shadowes, tho but small and :

L 2

Bees



Bees have stings although they be not great. Seas have there course & so have little



springe and love is love in Beggars as in Kings.

Wher waters smootheest ar, deep are the foords
The Dyal stirs, yet none perceives it move:
The firmeft faith is in the fewest words,
The Turtles cannot sing, and yet they love;
True hearts have eyes, and eares, no tongue to
speake.
They heare, and see, and sigh, and then they
breake

The Answer.

Boshes have topps, but the Cedar greater,
A haire cast shaddows less then Pharoahs towr
The sparks cast heat, but greater heat the fire,

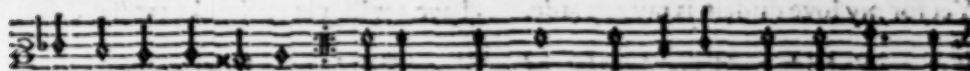
A Bee can sting, not like a Scorpion power:
Seas have their course, and so have little springs
So beggars love, but greater love have Kings.
Roch are deep seas, when smooth run shallow
foords,
The ratt makes noise, before the Dyal move:
The firmeft faith is still confirm'd with words:
And Turtles mourn, in loosing of their love.
If hearts have eyes, and eares, the tongue can
speake,
They'le hear, and see, and sigh before they
breake.

F I N I S.

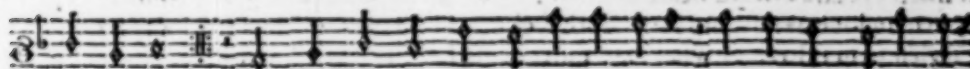
THE

THE TWENTYEIGHT SONG

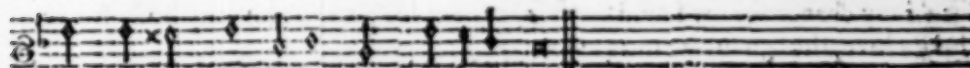
W Here art thou hope that promis'd me reliefe, come hear my doome
Come traitour hope that all men doth mischieve, come here let see,



pronounced by disdaine. A-lace sweet hope where is thy scop, or where shall
and ease me of my pain. Why flies thou me to make me dye: will thou not



thou remaine: Since hope is gone and cannot me remed, in bondage thus I must
come againe:



bide Fortunes fead, I must bide Fortunes fead.

M

I had

I Had a heart, and now I heartlesse goe,
I had a minde, that daily was oppress,
I had a Friend, that's now become my foe
I had a will, yet can I get no rest,
What have I now, nothing I trow,
But spyte where I had joy:
What am I then? a heartlesse man,
Should love me thus destroy.
I loue and serue, one whome I do regarde
Yet for my love disdain is my reward.

If promise faith, and secret love intend:
And choose but doubt I thought I had
done well;
If fixed eye and inward heart do bind:
A man in love, as now my heart doth feel
what pain is love, or what may move?
A man for to dispaire,
Nothing so great, as hie despyte,
Of his sweet Lady faire.
Such is my chance as now I must confess,
I love a love, though she be mercilesse.

What paine can pierce a heart, that I doe
want?

If love be pain that doeth any subdue,
What pain can force a body to be faint?
If love be pain. how can I pain eschew?
Since I am fast, knitt to the mast,
This torment to indure,
And hath no might, by law nor right,
My Lady to procure.
What shall I say? since will gain, stands
the law,
I have a will, yet will maks me stand aw.

Where shall I goe to hide my weary face,
Where shall I find a place for my defence
Wher is my love, that is the meekest place
Of all the earth that is my confidence,
She hath my heart till I depart,
Let her doe what she list,
I cannot mend, but still depend,
And daily to insist.
To purchase love if love my love deserve
If not for love, let love my body serue.

Come here ye gods, and judge my cause
aright.
Hear my complaint, befor ye me cōdemn
Take

Take you before my Lady most of might
Let not the wolff devour the silly Lambe,

If she may say, by night or day,

That ever I did her wrong:

My minde shall be, with cruelty,

To lye in prison strong,

Then shal ye save a fackles man from pain

Try wel my cause & then remove disdain

O Lady fair whome I do honor most,

Your Name and Fame, within my breest

I have;

Let not my Love and Labour thus be lost

But still in miade I pray you to ingrasse,

That I am true, and shall not rue,

A word that I have said:

I am your man, do what ye can,

when all this playes are plaide :

Then save your ship unbroken on the sid;

Since man and goods are all at your com-
mand.

Then choose to keep or losf that ye have
done;

Your friendly friend doth make you this

Let not friends com us lovers two betwee

Since late detests causde you me to detest

Keep hope in store, you to deplore,

Conquers your friend indeed :

Remember ay, will come the day,

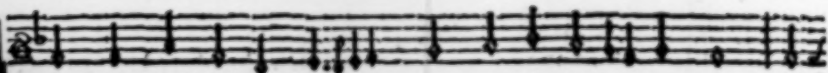
When friends a friend will need.

Ye have a friend so friendly and so true,

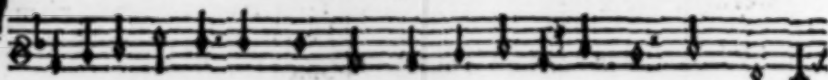
Keep well your friend, I say no more, A.
dew.

F I N I S.

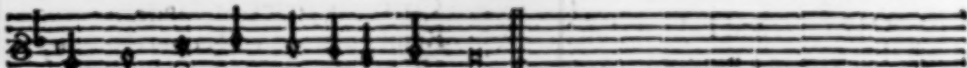
THE TWENTYNINTH SONG.



Oe worth the time and eke the place that she was to me known for



since I did behold her face, my heart was never my own, myn own jo,



mine own my heart was never mine own.

Somtyme I livde at liberty,
But now I doe not so, :
She hath my heart so faithfully,
That I can love no moe, no moe jo, no mo
That I can love no moe.

To be refusde of love alace,
All earthly things adew,
My Mistris she is mercilesse;

And will not on me rue, me rue jo me rue
And will not on me rue.

Now am I left all comfortlesse,
And no remeed can finde,
My paines they are remeedlesse,
And all the wyt you have, you have jo,
you have,

And all the wyt you have,

FINIS.

THE

THE THIRTIE SONG.



Ho doth behold my Mistres Face? and sayeth not good hape
who hears her speak & marks her Grace? shal think none e-ver spake

hath she
but she.

In short for to resound her praise, she is the fairest, the fairest, the fairest

the fairest of her dayes.

VV Ho knows her wit & not admires,
Shall think himselfe devot of skill:
Her vertues kindles strong desires,
In those who think upon her still.
In short for to resound her praise,

She is the fairest, the fairest, the fairest of
her dayes.

Her Red is like unto the Rose,
When from a bud unto the Sunne,

N

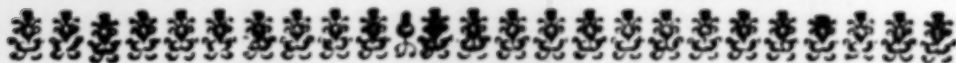
Her

Her comely colours doth disclose;
The first degree of ripenesse wone:
In short for to resound her praise,
She is the fairest the fairest, &c.

And with the red, is mixt a white,

Like to the Sun, of faire Moon shine,
That doth upon the water light:
And makes the collour seem divyne:
In short for to resound her praise,
She is the fairest, the fairest, &c.

FINIS.



THE THIRTYONE SONG.



Hough your strangnesse fiets my heart, yet must I not complaine,
You perswade me it's but Arte, which secret love must faine.

If another you effect, it's but a toy to avoide suspect, is this fair excusing: O no

O no, O no, O no, O no, no, no, no, no, all is abusing.

When

Vhen your wisht sight I desire;
 Suspition ye pretend,
 Causelesse ye your selfe retyre,
 Whilst I in vain attend,
 Thus a Lover as you say,
 Still made more eager by delay,
 Is this faire excusing?
 O no, O no, O no, O no,
 O no, no no no no,
 All is abusing.

When another holds your hand,
 Ye'le sweare I hold your heart,
 While my rival crosse doth stand,
 And I sit farre apart:
 I am nearer yet then they.

Hid in your bosome as you say;
 Is this faire excusing,
 O no, O no, O no, O no,
 O no, no no no no,
 All is abusing.

Would then a rival then I were;
 Some else your secret friend.
 So much lesse should I feare,
 And not so much attend,
 They enjoy you every one:
 Yet must I seeme your friend alone,
 Is this faire excusing?
 O no, O no, O no, O no,
 O no, no no no no,
 All is abusing.

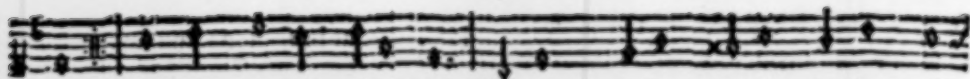
FINIS.



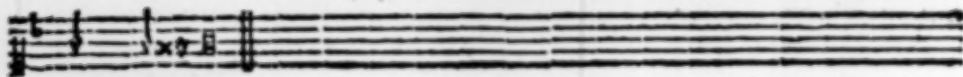
THE THIRTYTWO SONG.



Come sweet Love let sorrow cease, banish frowns leave of disce-
 Loves warr makes the sweetest peace, hearts uniting by conten-



tion: Sunshine follows after Rain, sorrowes ceasing this is pleasing, all
tion: After sorrow cometh joy, trust me, prove me, try me, love me, this



proves fair again:

VVinter hides his frostie face,
Blushing ever to be more moved,
Spring returns with pleasant grace:
Flora's treasures are renewed.

Lambs joyce to see the Spring,
Leapping, skipping, sporting, tripping,
Birds for joy doe sing,
Let your springs of joyes renew;
Colking, clapping, kissing, blessing,
And give love his due.

See this bright shine of thine eyes,
Clouded now with darke disdain :

Shall such stormie tempests rise?
To set Loves faire day a raining.
Men are glade, the Sky being cleare,
Lightlie toying, sporting, joying,
With their lovely pier,
But are sad to see the shoure,
Sadly droupping, louring, pouting,
Turning sweet to soure.

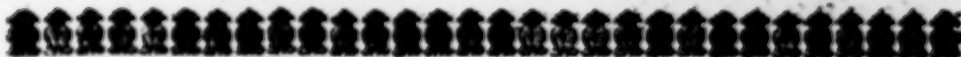
Then sweet Love disperse this clowde:
Which procures this wofull toying:
When each creature fings alowde,
Killing hearts with overjoying:

Every

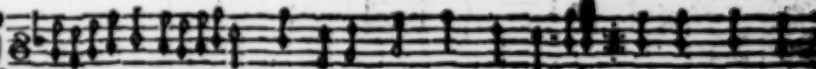
Every Dove doth seeke her Mate;
lointly billing, she is willing,
Sweets of love to take,

With such warres let us contend;
Wooing, doeing, wedding, beding,
This or striffe shall end.

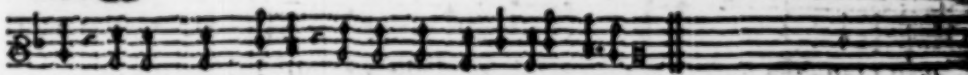
F I N I S.



THE THIRTYTHIRD SONG.



Weet Kate, of late, ran away and left me paining, tee, hee, hee, quod
Abyd, I cry'd, or I die with thy disdainig, never any



she, gladlie would I see any man to die for loveing.
yet dyde of such a fit, neither have I fear of proveing.

U Nkind I find, thy delight is in tormenting,
Abide I cry'd, or I die with thy disdainig:
Tee hee hee quod she, make no fool of me,
Men I know will have oaths at pleasure,

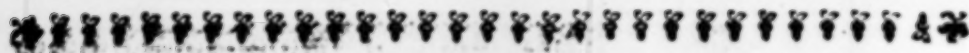
But their hops attend, they bewray their hearts
And their oaths are kept as leasors.
Her words like swords, cut my very heart apace.

Q

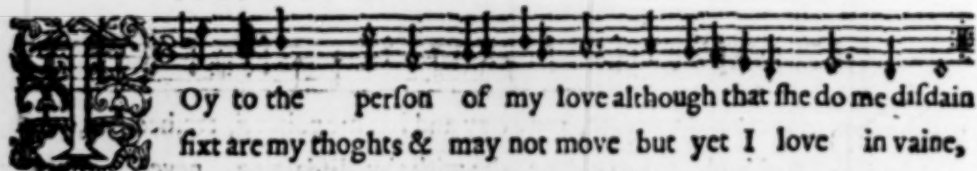
Tee hee

Her frowne with doubts, keeping heart affections under
 Tee hee hee quod she, what a fool is he? | Stands in aw of once denying,
 Cause I had enough, to become more rough,
 So I did, O happie trying.

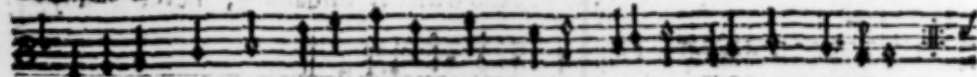
F I N I S.



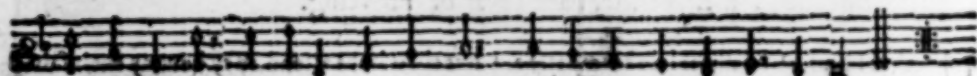
THE THIRTYFOURTH SONG.



Oy to the person of my love although that she do me disdain
 fixt are my thoughts & may not move but yet I love in vaine,



shall I losse the sight of my joy & hearts delight, or shall I leave my fute,
 shall I strive to touch, Oh no it were to much, she is the forbidden fruire,



Oh woe is me! that e-ver I did see, the beauty that did me bewitch:
 yet out alas, I must forgoe that face, the treasure I esteemed so much.

O! shall

O! Shall I range into some dale;
Or to the mountains mourne,
Sad echoes shall resound my tale:
Or whether shall I turne?

Shall I buy that love?
No life to me will give,
But deeply wounds my heart:
If I flee away,

She will not to me say stay:
My sorrows to convert

O no, no, no, she will not once say so,
But comfortlesse I must begone,
Yet though she be so thrwart unto me,
He love her, or I shall love none.

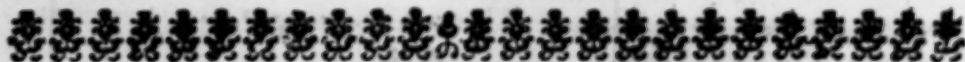
O! that I might but understand,
The reasons of her hate;
To him that would be at her command,
In love, in life, in state,
Then should I no more,
In heart be griev'd so sore,
Nor sad with discontent.

But since that I have lovde,
A Maid that so have provde,
Unworthy I doe repent, (minde
Some thing unkynd, hath setled in her
That caused her to leave me so:
Sweet seem to me, but halfe so kind to be.
Or let me the occasion know.

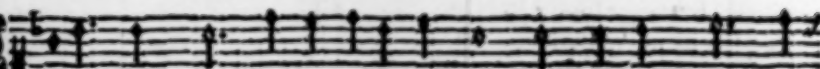
A thousand good fortunes fall to her share,
Although she hath rejected me:
And filde my sad heart full of dispaire,
Yet ever shall I constant be.

For she is the Dame,
My tongue shall ever name;
Fairst branch of modestie;
Choise of heart and mynde,
Oh! were she halfe so kynde:
Then would she picie me. (chast,
Sweet turn at last, be kinde as thou art
And let me in thy bosome dwell,
So shall we gain, the pleasur of loves pain
Till then, my dearest Love farewell.

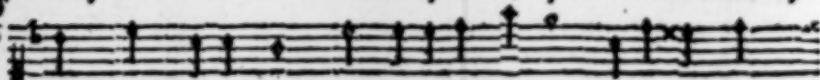
F I N I S.



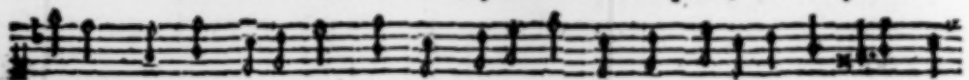
THE THIRTYFIFTH SONG.



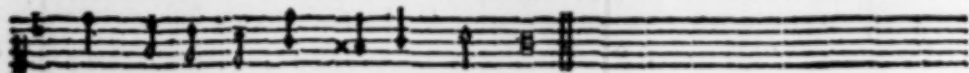
way vaine world bewitcher of my heart, my sorrowes shewes my



finnes makes me to smart : yet will I not dispaire, but to my God



repaire. He hath mercy ay, therefore will I pray, he hath mercy ay and loves me,



though by his humbling Hand he proves me.

A Way, away, too long thou hast me	Thy subtill sleights of flie, they have de-
^{snar'd,}	ceived me:
I will not spend more time; I am prepar'd	Though they sweetly smile,

Bids

Slieely they beguile:
Though they sweetly smile, forget them;
The simple silly soul reject them.

Once more away, though loath the world
to leave,
Bids oft away, with that hellish slave,

Loath am I to forgoe, that sweete alluring
foe,

Though thy wayes be vaine,
Shall I thee retaine?

Though thy wayes be vain, I quire thee,
Thy pleasure shall no more delite me.

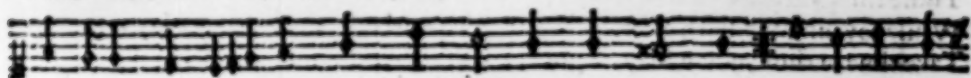
F I N I S.



THE THIRTYSIXTH SONG.



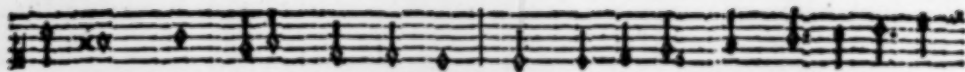
When May is in her pryme, the may each heart re-joyce, when May
the lively sope creeps vp in-to the blooming thorne: the flowres



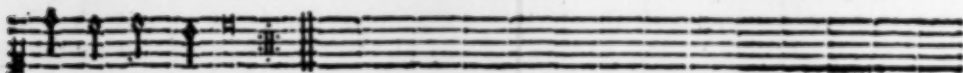
is busked with branches green, each Bird sets forth her voyce: all natures lumps
frae cold is present kept, doth laugh the frost to scorne;

P

triumphes



triumphes while joyfull May doth laste, Take May in time when May is gone the



pleasant time is past,

MAY makes the chearfull hew,
May breeds and brings new blood
May marcheth throughout every limbe,
May makes the merry mood.
May pricketh tender Hearts,
There warbling notes to tune,
Full strange it is that some we see,
Doe make their May in Iune:
Those things are strangely wrought,
While joytull May doth laste,
Take time in time, when May is gone,
The pleasant time is past.
Take time in time, when May is gone,
The pleasant time is past.

All yet that live on Earth,

And hath your May at will,
Rejoice in May as I doe now,
And use your May with skill,
Use May when that ye may,
For May hath but a time,
When all the Fruite is gone, it is
Too late the Tree to climbe,
Your likeing and your lust,
Is fresh while May doth laste,
Take May in time, when May is gone,
The pleasant time is past,
Take May, &c.

The second Parte.

VVhen time and space is spent,
Then may each heart be fear'd
When

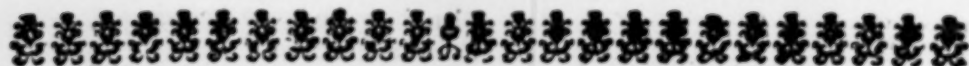
When beyond time the Iudge ſhal come,
In wrath what ſtrength can bear't,
Then Iudges all perverſe,
Shall ſigh that they were borne:
When caſt in everlaſting fire,
Because the truth they ſcorne;
All Natures Imps ſhall mourne,
When wealth and eaſe is paſt,
Take time in time, when time is gone.
Eternity comes laſt,
Take time in time, when time is gone,
Eternity comes laſt.

In time well ſpent, rejoyce,
For that's the way to reſt,
Time is that point wherein the Lord,
Hates evil, and loves the beſt;
Pray for a tender heart,
Berre here your grief and pain:
For time it is that many are,
Who ſpend their life in vain,

That things be ſtrangely wrought;
Before all time is paſt,
Though time be now, it ſhall not be,
Eternity comes laſt,
Though time, &c.

All ye that be in time,
And hath your time but ſhort;
Redeeme your time, as GOD cōmands;
I humbly you exhort:
Uſe time while, ye have time,
For time will have an end,
When all your life-time ſhall be ſpent,
It is too late to mend.
Your likeing and your luſt,
Shall ceaſe when time is paſt:
Spend well your time, when time is gone
Eternitie comes laſt,
Spend well your time, when time is gone
Eternitie comes laſt.

F I N I S.



THE THIRTYSEVENTH SONG.

THe time of Youth fore I repent *ij* remembering how it was
spent, to grieve my God omnipotent I tooke no care, I tooke no care,
I tooke no care, when he to me had riches lent, I thought me sure, I thought me
sure.

Spending my time in vanitie,
Having no thought Christ dyed for me
Nor yet that I my selfe should dye,
I took no thought, I took no thought, I
took no thought,

All vices in me, men might well see:
That ever was wrought, that ever was
wrought.

To

To serve the flesh I thought it best,
 As long as Youth did with me laste,
 But to my God now I protest;
 Before I die, before I die, before I die,
 My Soul with him in heaven to rest,
 Eternally, Eternally.

Great thanks be to his Majestie,
 That time and space hath lent to me,
 Of all my youth and fantasie,
 For to deplor, for to deplor, for to deplor,
 Wherefore I think his face to see,
 Into His Glorie, into His Glorie.

F I N I S.

THE THIRTYEIGHT SONG.



Rave Mars begins to rouse, and he does bend his browes Borias
 he that may los the field, yet let him ne-ver yeeld though thop-

bursts out in blowes, great Ennaes fire. When Cannons are roaring & Bullets
 sands should be kilde let Souldiers try it.

are flying, he that would honour win must not fear dying.

Q

Though

Though *Constantin* be dead,
Who left us honour,
And taught brave Christian Kings,
under his Banner.
Paganes amazed stood,
in a great wonder,
To see brave Christians come,
like claps of Thunder.
When Cannons, &c.

Raised are the worthies nine,
and now ascending,
Even by a power divyne,
now peace is ending,
So many Christian Kings,
with them to enter,
Against their feircest Foes,
that's brave adventure.
When Cannons, &c.

Sojers with swords in hands,
to the walls comming,
Horse-men about the streets,
ryding and running,
Sentinells on the walls,

arme arme, a crying;
Pittards against the ports;
wyld fire a flying.
When Cannons, &c.

Trumpers on Turrets hye,
these are a sounding,
Drumes beating out aloud,
echoes resounding.
Larim-Bells in ilk place,
they are a ringing,
Women with stones in laps,
to the walls bringing.
When Cannons, &c.

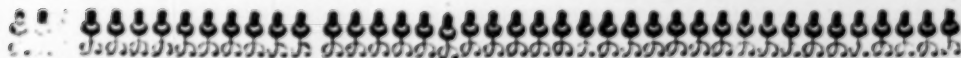
Captains in open fields,
on their foes rushing,
Gentlemen seconds them;
with their Picks pushing.
Ingyniers in the Trench,
earth, earth up-rearing,
Gun-powder in the mynds,
Paganes up-blowing.
When Cannons, &c.

Port-

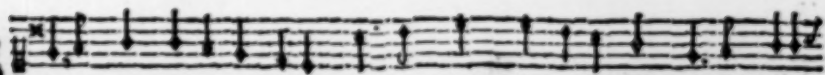
Portculzies in the ports
they are down letting,
Burgers comes flocking by,
too, their hands setting.
Leathers against the wall,
they are uprearing,

Women great timber boggs;
to the walls bearing.
When Cannons are roaring,
and Bullets are fleeing,
He that would honour win,
must not fear dying.

FINIS.



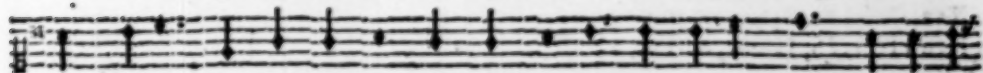
THE THIRTYNINTH SONG.



Urie came to Iebus-Salem, all the world was taxed when: blessed Mary



brought to Bethlehem more then all the world againe. A gift so blest, so



good, the best, that e're was seen, was heard, or done: A King; a Christ, Prophet, and

Q₂

Priest

Angels they sing, Behold the King,
In *Bethlehem*, where this was done.
Then we as they, Rejoice, and say;
We have a Saviour, GOD a Sonne,
The second Part.

Turne your eyes which are affrighted,
On this Worlds deceiving things,
And with joy and sorrow mixed,
Look upon the King of Kings;
Who left his Thron, with joys unknown,
Tooke flesh like ours, like us drew breath,
For us to die, here fix youreye,
And think upon his precious Death.

See him in the Garden praying,
While his sad Disciples slept.
See him in the Garden sweating
Drops of blood; and how he weept.
As Man he was, He weept, alace!
And trembling fear'd to losse his breath.
Yet to Heavens will, he yeelded still;
Then think upon his precious Death.

See him by the Souldiers taken;
When with an Ave, and a kisse,

He that Heaven hath forsaken,
Had betrayde him and with this,
Behold him bound, & guarded round;
To *Cajaphas* brought to losse his breath,
There see the Jewes, Heavens King abuse
And think upon his precious Death.

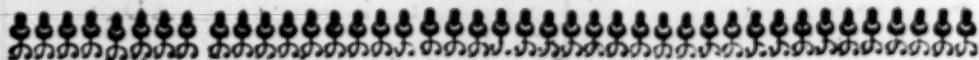
See him in the hands of *Pilate*,
Like a base offender stript.
See the moan and tears they smyle at,
While they see our Saviour whipt.
Behold him bleed; in purple weed,
Record while ye have life and breath:
His taunts & scorns, his Crown of thorns
O! think upon his precious Death.

See him in the houre of parting,
Hanging on his bloody Crosse.
See his wounds, conceive his smarting;
And our gain, by his lifes losse.
On either side, a fellow dy'd,
The one derids him; leaving breath;
The other prayes, and humbly sayes,
Lord save me by thy precious Death.

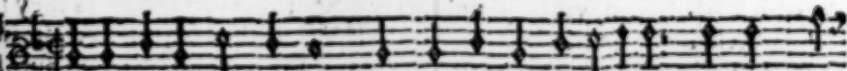
See as in those panges he thrust,
And that to coole him he did call,
How these lewes like *Judas* cursed,
Bring him Vinegar and Gall.

His Spirit then, to Heaven again,
Commending with his last breath;
The world he leaves which men deceives
Lord keep me by thy precious Death.

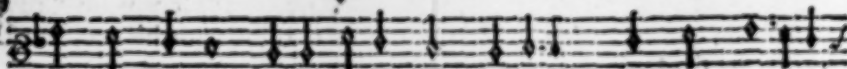
F F N I S.



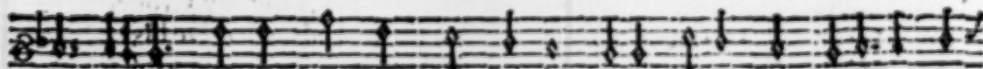
THE FOURTIE SONG.



Hite as Lilles was her face, when she smiled she beguiled, quiteing faith



with foull disgrace, vertue service thus neglected, heart with sorrowes



hath infected: quiteing faith with foull disgrace, vertue service thus neglected heart



with sorrow hath infected.

When

Vhen I swore my heart her own,
She disdained, I complained;
Yet she left me overthrown,
Carelesse of my bitter groaning,
Ruethlesse bent to no relieving.

Vowes and Oaths, and Faith assured,
Constant ever changing never,
Yet she could not be procured,
To believe my paines exceeding,
From her skant neglect proceeding.

O! that love should have the Arte,
By surmysses, and disguises,
To destroy a faithfull heart,
Or that wanton looking Women,
Should reward their friends as foemen.

All in vaine is Ladyes love,
Quickly choosed, shortly losed,
For their pride is to remove,

Out (alace) their looks first win us,
And their pride hath straight undone us.

To thy selfe, the sweetest faire,
Thou hast wounded, and confounded,
Changelesse faith with foul dispaire,
And my service hath envied,
And my succours hath denied.

By thine error thou hath lost,
Heart unfained, trueth unstained,
And the Swan that loved most:
More assured in love then they,
More despised in love then any.

For my heart though set at nought,
Since you will it spoil, and kill it;
I will never change my thought.
But grieve that Beautie e're was borne,
To banish love with froward scorne.

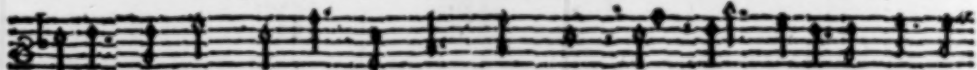
F I N I S.



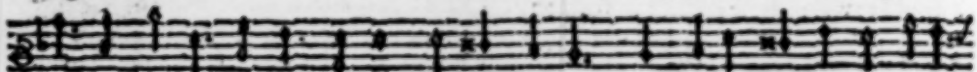
THE FOURTYONE SONG.

B Egone sweet night & I shall call thee kinde, wher does thou dwell since

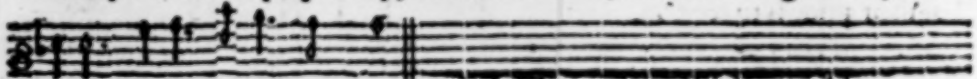
not upon mine eyes it's more then time that I my wayes should finde



Begone & when thou next shal come, come twice, away, away, for I must goe and



meet my love be the peep of day, but thou to death, thou art too nigh of kin, to com



or goe, as thy desires have been.

Arise

A Rise bright day; it's time to claime thy right;
Disperse the Clouds, and with thy Golden Beames;
Both comfort me; and stricke the churlish night:
That would not goe, and yeeld me pleasant Dreames. **Arise, Arise;**
And with thy Rosie fingers, point me where she lyes,
Teach me but once, and put me in her sight;
That I may know who gives the greatest light.

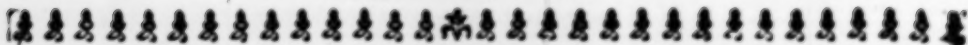
Stay gentle night, lest thou prove more unkinde;
To leave us languish, who enjoyes our love?
Goe not away but let us here confinde,
Nor parte us from these pleasures which we prove. **But stay, oh stay;**
For I must goe, and love my Love, if you peep but day,
And if ye doe, ye turne so soon again,
Our desires seeleth not Worlds disdain.

Let never rising Day, bereave thee of thy right;
Who can betray thee with his Golden beames?
Let us enjoy thee still, sweet gentle Night,
That we may surfeite in those most pleasant dreames. **Advise, advise;**
And never let the light of Day shine where that she lyes,
But if thou doe, or let me in her sight,
There is no doubt, she gives the greater light,

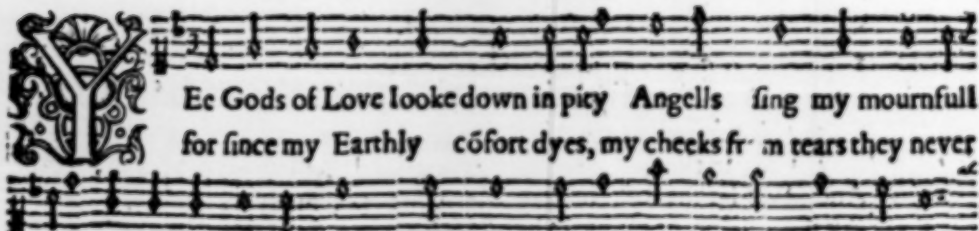
And if thou wilt to day resigne thy due;
 And so divorce me from my sweetest Deare,
 In secret silence shall my heart so rue;
 Wishing the Day were done, if you were there,
 That she, that she.

And I may spend the silent Night where we wont to be,
 Where prating Day, dare never more appeare,
 Nor yet present to wrong my dearest Deare.

FINIS.



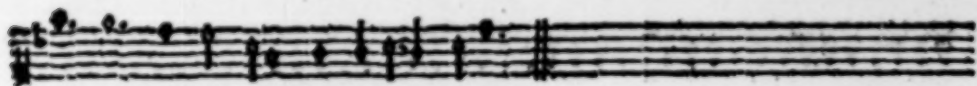
THE FORTYTWO SONG.



Ye Gods of Love looke down in pity Angells sing my mournfull
 for since my Earthly comfort dyes, my cheeks from tears they never

dry, yet for his death I sighde forth store, that now my eyes can weep no more;
 drye,

Oh



Oh, Oh, Oh, on circ, Oh ça circ Onic.

YE Graces three, and Muses nyne;
Ye blessed Saints, and Powers diuine
Long haue ye heard my wofull eyes,
My sad laments and weeping eyes.
Yet none hath been so much my friend;
As to my sorrowes grant an end.

Oh, Oh, &c.

Hills and Mountains quack with Winde,
Seas roar out against your kinde :
For Earth affords me no relief,
But adds more sorrowes to my grief.
By which my heart is broken in twain,
Yet all my griefs are spent in vain.

Oh, Oh, &c.

Oh ! you Fields leave bearing fruit,
And all you singing Birds be mute.
You Starrs leave of your borrow'd light;
Sun and Moon, be darkned quite,

Come sorrows all, & show your powers:
And Earth leave off bearing of Flowers,
Oh, Oh, &c.

O Death thou hast me quite confounded;
And my heart with death so wounded,
That on earth ilk living wight,
Seems deadly payson to my sight.
O then ! look down from Heaven and see
What bleeding tears I sigh'd for thee.

Oh, Oh, &c.

Let never Sun shew forth her beames,
Nor Rivers shew their Silver streames.
All joyes from earth exylled be,
No day of Comfort can I see,
For greater sorrowes and more woe;
No Ladys heart did ever know.

Oh, Oh, &c.

F I N I S.

THE

THE FORTYTHREE SONG.

T Here is a thing that much is used, its called love with men abused, they
 wrigh, and sigh, & swear they dye, when all is done they know they lye: but let them
 sweare by faith and trueth, I'll sweare they care not for an Oath.

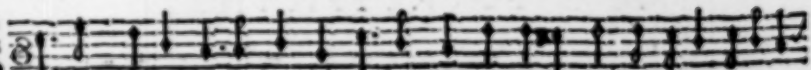
They first must have a Mistres faire,
 And then her favour for to wear,
 And so they goe to flatteries School,
 And calls her wise, they know a Fool.
 But let them sweare by Faith and Trueth
 Ile sweare they care not for an Oath.

It is a practise in this Age,
 To lay their Credit into gage;
 By wit, by vowes, by neat attyre,
 To conques that they most desire:
 But let them sweare by Faith and Trueth
 Ile sweare they care not for an Oath.

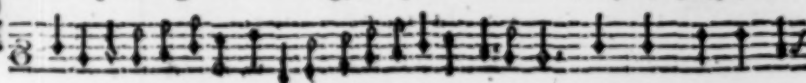
THE



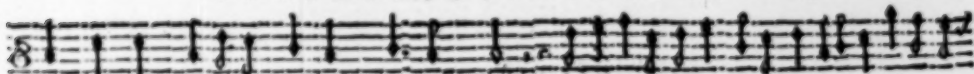
THE FOURTYFOURTH SONG.



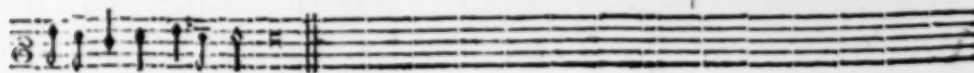
Y complaining is but faining, al my love is but in jest, Fa, la, la, la, la, la,



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. And my courting is



but sporting, in most shewing meaning least. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

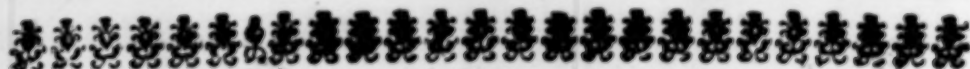
O Utward sadnesse, inward gladnesse,
Representing in my mind, Fa la, &c.
In most faining, most obtaining,
Such good faith in love I find, Fa la la &c

Towards Ladyes this my trade is,
Two minds in one breast I wear, Fa la &c
And my measure at my pleasure,
Yce & flame my face doth bear, Fa la &c.

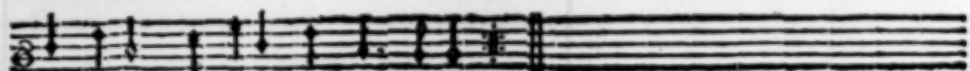
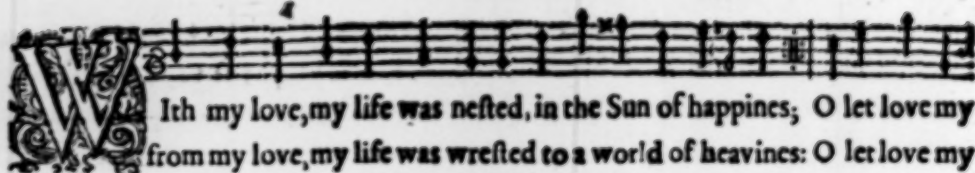
F I N I S.

T

THE



THE FORTYFIFTH SONG.



life remove, sith I live not where I love.

life remove, sith I live not where I love.

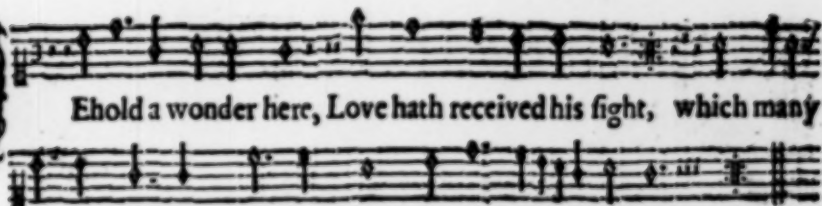
VHere the trueth once was & is not
Shadows are but vanities.
Shewing want, that help they cannot;
Signes not slaves of miseries.
Painted meat no hunger feedes;
Dying life each death exceeds.

O true Love since thou hast left me;
Mortall life is tedious,
Death it is to live without thee,
Death of all most odious.
Turne again and take me with thee;
Let me die, or live you with me.

F I N I S.

THE

THE FORTYSIXTH SONG.



Ehold a wonder here, Love hath received his sight, which many

hundred, hundred, hundred years hath not beheld the light,

Such beames infused be,
By *Cynthia* in his eyes,
As first have made him see,
And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep,
For them that laugh the while,
Nor wake for them that sleep.
Nor sigh for them that smile.

So powerfull is the beautie,
That Love doth now behold.
As Love is turn'd to duetie,
Thats neither blynde nor bold.

This Beautie shewes her might;
To be of double kinde,
In giving Love his sight
And striking folly blinde.

F I N I S.

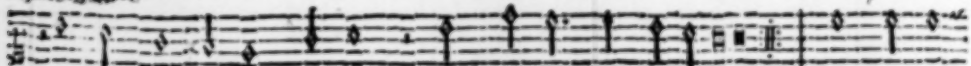
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THE

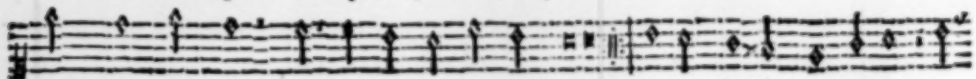
THE FOURTYSEVENTH SONG.



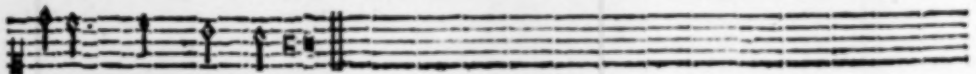
Ow O now I needs must part, parting though I absent mourne:
While I live I needs must love, Love leaves not when hope is gone,



Absence can no joy imparte, joy once fled, can not returne: Sad dispaire
Now at last dispaire doth prove, Love devyded loveth none.



doth drive me hence, this dispaire unkindnesse sends, if that parting be offence, it



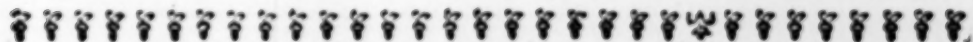
is she which then offends,

Deare

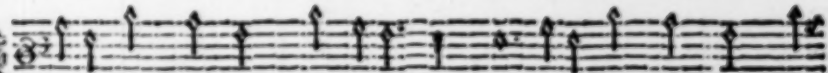
Deare when I am from thee gone,
 Gone are all my joyes at once,
 I loved thee, and thee alone;
 In whose love I joyed once.
 And although your sight I leave,
 Sight wherein my joyes doe lye.
 Till that Death doe fence bereave,
 Never shall affection dye.

Deare if I doe not returne,
 Love and I shall dye together.
 For my absence never mourne;
 Whom you might have joyed ever.
 Parte we must, though now I die,
 Die I doe, to parte with you,
 Him dispaire doth cause to lye,
 Who both lived and died true,

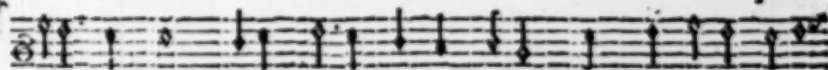
F I N I S.



THE FOURTYEIGHT SONG.



Ver the Mountaines and under the Caves, over the Fountaines and



under the waves: under waters that are deepest which *Neptun* still obey



over rocks that are the steepest: Love will finde out his way.

Some may esteem him a childe by his
(force,
Or some may decme him a coward that's
(worfe.

But if she, whome he doth honour,
Be consenting to play,
Set twentie guards about her,
Love will finde out his way.

Many do los him, by proving unkinde,
Or some may suppose him, poor heart to
(be blynde.

But if ne're so closse ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may;
Blinde Love, if ye do call him,
He will grape out his way.

Well may the Eagle stoup down the fist;
Or netts to inveagle the Phoenix of the
With tears ye may move the *Tiger*, (cast
To give over his prey,
But never stope a Lover,
Love will finde out his way.

If the earth doe parte them, he'll soone
conrse it over;
If Seas doe thwart them he'll swim to
the shore

If his Love become a Swallow,
In the Aire for to stay,
Love will finde wings to follow,
And swift see out his way.

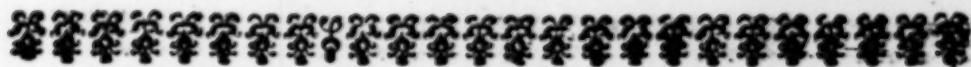
Where is no place for the Glow-worme
to lye

Where is no race for the feat of a Flee,
Where the Gnat dare never venture,
Lest her selfe fast she lay:
But if Love come he'll enter,
And will finde out his way.

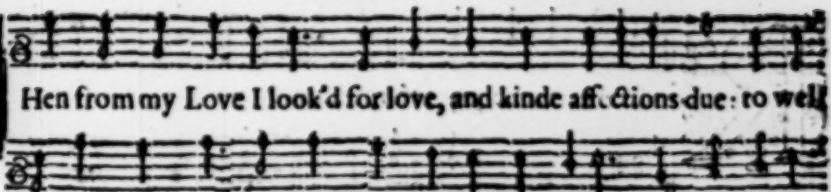
There is no striving to crosse his intent,
Ther is no contriving his plots to prevēt.
For if once the message greet him,
That his true Love doth say:
Though *Damon* come and meet him,
He will goe on his way.

F I N I S.

THE

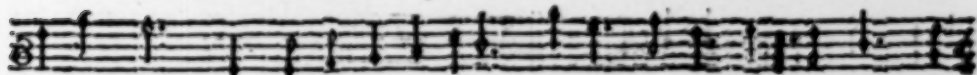


THE FOURTYNINTH SONG.

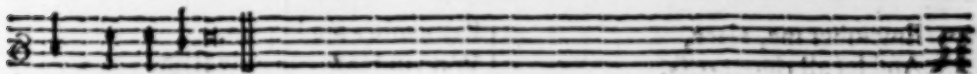


When from my Love I look'd for love, and kinde affections due: to well

I found her woves to prove most faithless and untrue. For when I did



ask her, why? most sharply she did reply, that she with me did never agree, to



love but jealously.

MArke but the subtile policies,
That Female Lovers finde,
Who loves to fix their constancies,
Like feathers in the winde.

Though they sweare and protest,
That they love you chik fly best,
Yet by and by, they'll all deny,
And say it was but jest.

V^a

FINIS.

THE

THE FIFTIE SONG.

Remember me my Dear, I humbly you require, for my request that
loves you best, with faithfull heart Intire. My heart shall rest within
your breast, remember me my Dear.

Remember me, alace,
And let all rigour pass,
Tat I may prove in you some love;
To my joy and, solace.
True love to move, I must behove,
Remember me, alace,

Remember me in pain,
With unkindnesse now slain.
That through delay, of cruell way,
That in you doth remain,
Remit I say, alace away,
Remember me in pain.

Remember

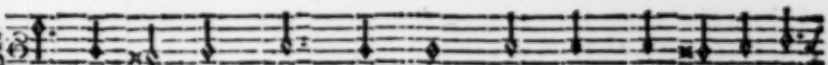
Remember on me deare heart;
 That of paines hath my parte,
 Your words unkinde, sinks in my minde,
 And doth increase my smart:
 Yet shall ye finde me true and kinde,
 Remember on me deare heart.

Remember on me in thrall,
 Readie when I doe call,
 With true intent, I doe consent;
 Heart, Minde, Bodie and all.
 Never to repent, but to consent,
 Remember on me in thrall.

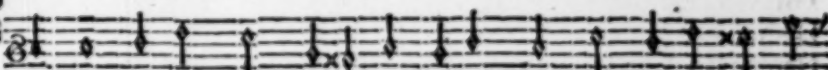
F I N I S.



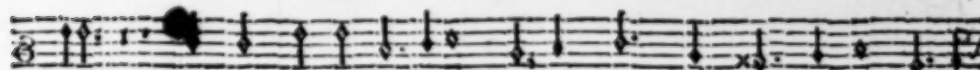
THE FIFTYONE SONG.



Ow now Shepheard , what means that ? why wears thou willowes in



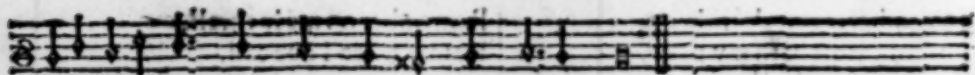
thy Hat? are thy Scarffs of red and yellow, turn'd to branches of green



Willow ? They are changed, so am I, Sorrowes lives when Ioyes do dye : It is

X

Phyllis



Phylis orlely she, that makes me wear the Willow Tree.

IS it the Lafs that loved thee long,
Is it she that doth thee wrong?
She who lovde thee long and best,
Is her love now turnde to jest?
She who lovde me long and best,
Bids me set my mynde at rest;
She loves a new Love, loves not me;
Which maks me wear the Willow Tree.

Come now Shepherd let us joyne,
Since thy love is like to mine,
For even she I thought most true,
Hath also changde me for a new:
Herds-man if thy hap be so,
Thou art partner of my woe,
Thy ill hap doth mine apace,
Company doth sorrow cease.

Is it she who lovde thee now,
And sweare her oath with solemn vowe;

Faith and trueth so truely plight,
Cannot be so soon neglect.
Faith and Trueth, Vowes and Oaths?
Are forgot and broken both.
Cruell *Phylis* false to me,
Which maks me wear the Willow Tree.

Courage man, and do not mourne;
For her who holds thy loue in scorne;
Respect not them who loves not thee,
But cast away the Willow Tree:
For thy now shall I live in paine,
Phylis once was true love mine,
Which shall ne're forgotten be,
Although I wear the Willow Tree.

Shepherd be thou rulde me,
Cast away the Willow Tree,
For her sorrow doth her content,
And she is pleasde if thou lament.

Herds-man

Herds-man Ile be rulde by thee,
Here lyes grieve and Willow Tree,

Hence forth. I will be as they,
That loves a new Love every day.

F I N I S.



THE FIFTYTWO SONG.



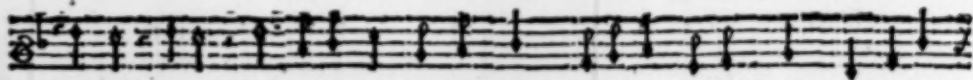
ILL said to his Mammie, that he would go woe, faine would he
Soft a while my Lammie, stay and yet abide, he like a

wedd, but he wist not how, Indeed Ile have a wife, a wife, a wife: O what a
fool as he was thus reply'de.

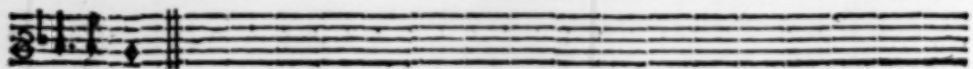
life do I lead, for a wife in my bed; I may not tell you. O there to have a wife,

X a

a wife



a wife, a wife, O, it's a smart to my heart, It's a rack to my back, and to my



belly too.

Scarcely was he weded;
Full a fourt-nights space.
For that he was in a heavic case;
Largely was he headed,
And his checks lookt thin.
And to repent, he did thus begin;
A fige for such a Wife, a Wife, a Wife,
O what a life ! do I lead;
With a Wife in my Bed.
I may not tell you :
O there to have a Wife, a Wife, a Wife.
O, it's a smart to my heart,
It's a rack to my back,
And to my belly too.

All you that be Batchelors;
Be learnde by crying *Will*,
When ye are well, to remain so still.
Better for to tarry,
And alone to lye,
Then like a fool
With a fool to cry,
A fige for such a Wife, a Wife, a Wife;
O what a life do I lead,
With a Wife in my Bed,
I may not tell you :
O there to have a Wife, a Wife, a Wife;
It's a smart to my heart, it's a rack to my
And to my belly too (back,

THE

THE FIFTYTHIRD SONG.



Are away goethou from me, for I am not fit match for thee
thou bereaves me of my wits, wherfore I hate thy frantick fits.

herfore I will care no more, since that in cares comes no restore: but I will sing hey

downe a downe a die, and cast care away, away from me.

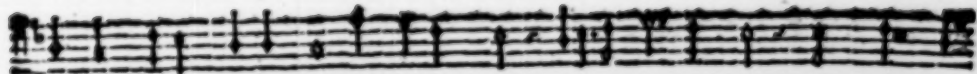
IF I want, I care to get,
The more I have it doth me fret,
Have I much, I care for more,
The more I have, I think I'm poore.
Thus with griefe, my minde oppress.
In wealth or woe, finds no redress.

Therfor Ile care no more, no more in vain
For care hath cost me mickle grief & pain.

Is not this world a slippery Ball?
And thinks men strange to catch a fall.
Doth not the Sea, both ebe and flow?

Y

And



that time would favour me. Of all the swarm, I only did not thrive; yet brought I



Wax and Honie to the Hyve

THus still I bifs'd: yet Time no Sap
would give.

Why should this blessed Time to me be
dry?

Since by the same the lasy Dron doth live
The Wasp, the Worm, the Gnar, the
Butter-flie

Maited with grief, I kneeled on my knees:
And thus complaind to the king of Bees

My Lidge G O D grant thy Tyme may
never end

And now vouchsafe to heare my plaint of
Tyme:

The fruitless Flie, ar fould to have a friend
Yet I cast off, while Atomies do climb.
The Prince replyde, and said, Peace pig-
vish Bee.

Thou'rt made to serve the Tyme, the
Tyme not thee.

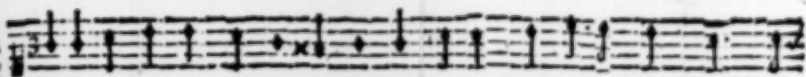
F I N I S

Y

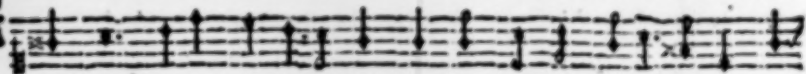
THE



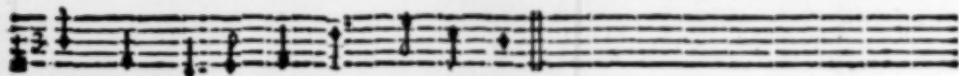
THE FIFTYFIFTH SONG.



Martine said to his man, fy man fy, O Martine said to his man whose the



fool now. Martine said to his man, fill thou the cup, and I the can thou



hast well drunken man, who's the fool now.

I Saw a Sheep shearing Corn,
Fy man, fy,
I saw a sheep shearing corn,
who's the fool now?
I saw a sheep shearing corne,
and a Cockold blow his horne,

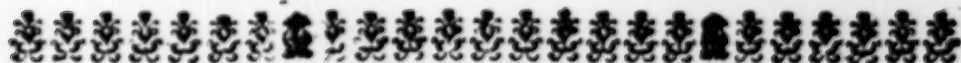
Thou hast well drunken man;
who's the fool now.

I saw a man in the Moon,
Fy man fy:
I saw a man in the Moon,

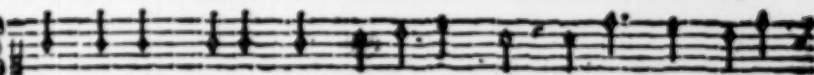
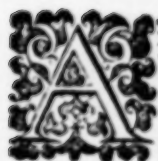
Fy man,

who's the fool now ?
 I saw a man in the Moon,
 clouting Saint Peters shoon;
 Thou hast well drunken man,
 who's the fool now ?
 I saw a Hare chase a Hound,
 fy man fy,
 I saw a Hare chase a Hound,
 who's the fool now ?
 I saw a Hare chase a Hound,
 twenty myles above the ground,

Thou hast well drunken man,
 who's the fool now ?
 I saw a Goose ring a Hog,
 fy man fy,
 I saw a Goose ring a Hog,
 who's the fool now ?
 I saw a Goose ring a Hog,
 and a Snale to bite a Dog,
 Thou hast well drunken man,
 who's the fool now ?
 FINIS.



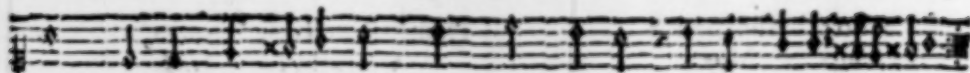
THE FIFTYSIXTH SONG.



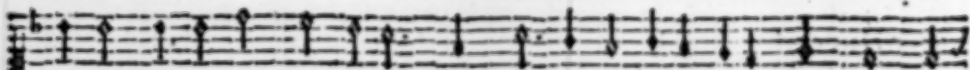
shepherd in a shade, his playing made of Love and Lovers
 since Love and Fortune will, - I honour still your faire and lovely

Z

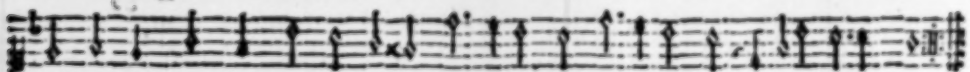
wrong;



wrong, unto the fairest lasse that tread on grasse, and thus he gaue his song.
eyes, what conquest will it be, sweet *Nymph* for thee, if I for sorrow dye.



Restore, restore my heart againe, which love by thy sweet lookes hath slain, lest



that inforc'd by your disdain I sing fy ty on love, fy ty on love, it is a foolish thing.

MY heart where have you laid, O cruell Maid !

To kill when you might save;
Why have you cast it forth as nothing worth,
Without a Tomb or Grave.

O let it be Intomb'd and lye,

In your sweet minde and memory :
Lest I resound on every warbling string,
Fy, fy on Love, that is a foolish thing.

F L N I S.

THE .

THE FIFTYSEVENTH SONG.



Shepherd saw thou not my faire lovely *Phyllis*, walking on yon
She is gone this way to *Diannes* fountaine, and hath left me

mountaine; or on yonder plaine. Ay she is so faire, and without compare:
wounded with her high disdain. Love is full of fears, love is full of cares:

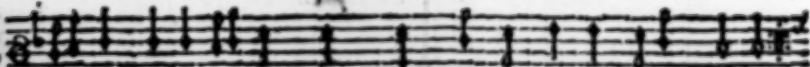
sorrow comes to sit with me: Thus my passions paines me, and my love hath
love without this cannot be: Pray to *Cupids* Mother, for I know none

slain me, Gentle Shepherd play a part,
other, that can ease me of my smart,

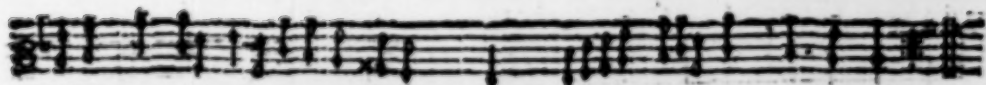
Shepherd I have seen, thy fair lovely *Philia*,
 when her flocks are feeding by the river side
 Ah I much admire, she is faire exceeding,
 In surpassing beauty, should surpass in pride
 But alas I finde, they are all unkinde,
 Beauty knowes her power too well;
 When they list they love, when they
 please they move;
 Thus they turne their heavens to hell:
 Where there faire eyes glancing,
 Like to *Cupids* dauncing;
 Rules well for to deceive us:
 With vaine hopes deluding,
 Still their praise concluding,
 Thus they love, and thus they leave us.

Thus I do despaire, love her I shall never
 If she be so coy, lost is all my love:
 But she is so faire, I will love her ever;
 All my paine is joy, which for her I prove
 If I should her love, and she should deny,
 Heavie heart with me would break.
 Though against my will, tongue thou
 must be still;
 For she will not hear thee speak;
 Then with kisses move her,
 They shall show I love her,
 Lovely love be thou my guide;
 But Ile sore complaine me,
 She will still disdain me,
 Beautie is so full of pride.
 F I N I S;

THE FIFTYEIGHT SONG.



Aine wold I wed a faire young Maid that day & night could please me;
 When my minde or bodie griev'd that had the power to ease me.
 Maid



Maides are full of longing thoughts which breeds a painfull sicknesse:
 And that oft I hear men say, is onely cur'd through quicknesse.

Oft I have been woode, and prayde, yet never could be moved.
 Many for a day, or so, I have most dearly loved;
 But this foolish mynde of mine, straight loaths the thing resolved:
 If to love, be sinne in me, that sinne is soon absolved.

Surely I think I shall at last flie to some holie order;
 When I am once settled there, I can flie no farther.
 Yet I would not die a Maid, because I had a Mother;
 As I was by one brought forth, I would bring forth another.

F I N I S.



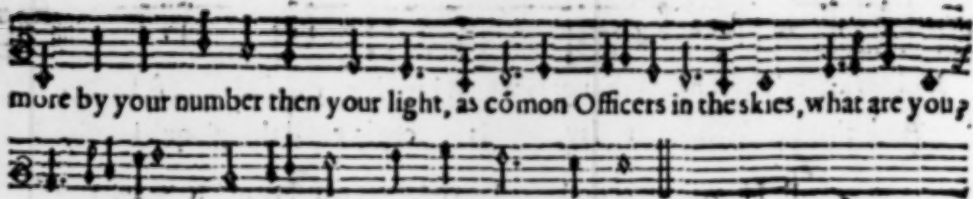
THE FIFTYNINTH SONG.



On minor beauties of the night, which poorely satisfies our eyes,

A a

more



more by your number then your light, as cōmon Officers in the skies, what are you?

what are you? what are you when the Moon doth rise?

You wandring Chanters of the wood,
That fills mine ears with naturs layes
Thinking your passions understood,
In weaker accents, whats your praise?
What's your praise? what's your praise?
When *Philomel* her notes doth raise.

But ah pure Light, pure voice, pure smell,
What are you when my Mistress shine?
Moon, Violet, and Philomel.
Adore her all cause she's divine,
She's divyne, She's divyne,
The Quencefence of Women kinde?

You *Violets* that first appeare,
Your pride in purple Garments shown.

Taking possession of the Year;
As if the Spring were all your own.
What are you? what are you?
What are you? when the Roses bloom;

The second Part

You minor Beauties of the Night,
That shoves your signs Celestiall;
More is your number, then your light,
Although ye were Terrestiall.
What are you? what are you?
What are you when the Moon doth rise?

You erring Starrs, what doe you mean?
To rob bright *Phaebus* of His shine:

Or

Or to obscure his princely light,
Turning his Day in darksome Night.
Leave off in tyme learne to be wile,
Leave off your foolish Enterprife.

You mustur number as the sand,
And some clear light you do command,
But what are you when that your Queen,
With borrowed light begins to shine?

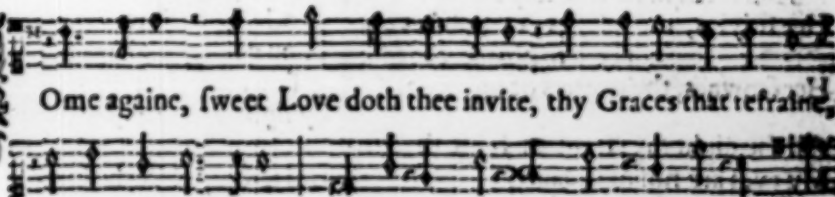
What are you both when *Phaëas* playes
Upon the centure of his rayes?

Should little Streames command great
Or little Ants, the stinging Bees? (Seas,
Should little burds with Eagles soare?
Or little Beasts, with Lyons roare?
No, no, not so, it is not meet,
The Head should stoup down to the Feet

F I N I S.



THE SIXTY SONG.



Come againe, sweet Love doth thee invite, thy Graces that refraine,

so doe me due delight. To see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to dye,

To see, to heare, to touch, to kisse, to dye,

A 2

THE SIXTYONE SONG.



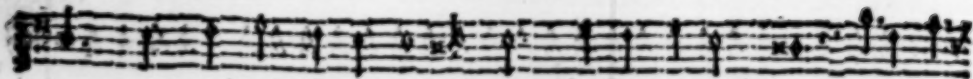
Low my tears fall from your Springes, exil'de for ever let me
Down vaine lights shine you no more, no nights ar dark enough for

mourn wher nights black bird her sad infamy sings, there let me live forlorne
those that in despaire, their last fortunes deplore, light doth but shame disclose

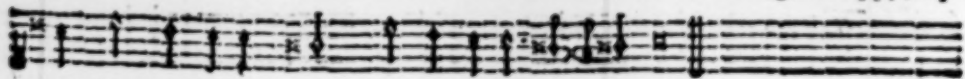
Never may my woes be relieved, since pittie is fled; and tears, and
From the highest Spheare of contentment, my fortune is throwne, and feare, and
sighs, & groans; my weary dayes, my weary daies, of all joyes have depryved:
griefe, and paine, for my deserts, for my deserts, ar my hopes since hope is gone!

Bb

Hearke

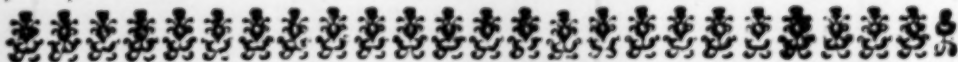


Hearke you shaddowes that in darkness dwell learn to contemne light: happy, hap-



py, they that are in Heaven, feel not the Worlds despite.

F I N I S.



A Table,

Of all the SONGS, Contained in this Booke.

21

A Wake sweet Love
Away vain World
A Shepherd in a shade

23

23. | B Rave MARS begins to rouse 38.
35. | Begone sweet night, and I 41.
56. | Behold a wonder here, Love 46.

Cor :

Come Love let's walke
Come sweet Love, let
Care away goe thou from
Come againe sweet Love

Even Death behold I breath

FAine would I wed a faire
Flow my tears, fall from

Give care do cause men cry

How should my feeble
How now Shepherd

Intill a mirthfull May
In a Garden so green
If floods of Tears could

14. I love great God above 26.
32. Joy to the person of my Love 34.
53. Iury came to Jebus-Salem 39.

Let not I say the sluggish 11.
Like as the dumb Solse. 18.
24. Like as the Larke, within 25.

MY bailfull Briest 22.
58. My complaining is but 44.
61. Martine said to his man 55.

Now is the month of 10.
15. No wonder is suppose 16.
51. Now, O now, I needs must 47.

O Lusty May, with Flora 2.
4. Over the Mountains 48.
13. Remember

R Remember O thou man 9.
Remember me my Dear 50.

S Athan my foe, full of 11.
Sleep wayward thoughts 20.
Sweet Kate, of late, ran 33.
x Shepherd saw thou not, 57.

T He thoughts of men 7.
The Gowans are gay 12.
The lowest trees have tops 27.
Though your strangenesse 31.
The tyme of Youth, sore I 37.
There is a thing that much is 43.
There was a time when folly 54.

V Ven as the Greeks 5.
When chile cold age 8.

What if a day, or a month 17.
When Father Adam 21.
Where art thou Hope 28.
Who doth behold my 30.
Woe worth the tyme 29.
When May is in her prime 36.
White as Lilies was her face 40.
With my Love my life was 45.
When from my Love I lookt 49.
VWill said to his Mamic, 52.

Y Ou Lovers all that love 6.
Ye Gods of love look 42.
You minor beauties of the 59.

F I N I S

This day being
 7- The day of
 the Daphne and.

* In garden col. 1627

In garden to grow 1627.

Is a little any morning 1627

By your sweet night 1627

Home sweet home 1627

Sleep was your thought 1627

Shedding your hair 1627

What if a day 1627

For your sweet night 1627

Let us see Daphne 1627